

The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

NO. 12.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 7:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	8:00 "
5:00 "	8:30 "
5:30 "	9:00 "
6:00 "	9:30 "
6:30 "	10:00 "
7:00 "	10:30 "
7:30 "	11:00 "
8:00 "	11:30 "
8:30 "	12:00 "
9:00 "	12:30 "
9:30 "	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
5:00 "	5:00 "
5:30 "	5:30 "
6:00 "	6:00 "
6:30 "	6:30 "
7:00 "	7:00 "
7:30 "	7:30 "
8:00 "	8:00 "
8:30 "	8:30 "
9:00 "	9:00 "
9:30 "	9:30 "
10:00 "	10:00 "
10:30 "	10:30 "
11:00 "	11:00 "
11:30 "	11:30 "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 15 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 1:42 p. m. The last "suburban car", leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 3:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:03
" South	12:03	4:05
" South	12:39	12:39

MAIL CLOSURE.

North	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:55	12:09
South	6:15	5:24
South	11:35	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

League San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDICIAL SUPERIOR COURT	
4th. H. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. M. Gember	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. L. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
W. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
A. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

To Stop Polygamy in Idaho.

Boise, Idaho.—In accordance with the paragraph in Governor Gooding's message calling attention to the agitation against polygamy previous to the recent State election and recommending prohibitory legislation, bills have been introduced in both houses of the Legislature making the practice of polygamy and adultery criminal and imposing severe penalties. It is stated that both bills will probably be passed, as they have the support of both Mormons and Gentiles.

WEEK'S NEWS

REVIEWED IN BRIEF ITEMS

Recent Important Occurrences Presented in Kaleidoscopic Array.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Happenings of the Week in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers.

Theodore Thomas, the noted orchestra leader, died of pneumonia at his residence in Chicago last week.

The nobility of Novgorod, Russia, has memorialized the throne to summon a representative body, so as to best safeguard the monarchy.

John Hathaway, a negro, who several years ago rated high as a jockey, was hanged at Winchester, Ky., for the murder of Etta Thomas, his sweetheart.

It is said that the booty which fell into the hands of the Japanese at Port Arthur amounted only to 80,000 tons of coal and two months' rations of rice.

The appraised value of merchandise imported at the port of New York during 1904 was \$552,709,959 as against \$553,225,906 in 1903 and \$524,871,410 for 1902.

Of 270 officers of the Russian navy at Port Arthur at the beginning of the war 180 have been killed or wounded, many of them while doing duty in the forts.

Two cases of yellow fever have developed on the British steamer Horatio, which arrived at Galveston, Texas, from Para, Brazil. The disease was contracted at sea from mosquitoes aboard.

The British Government has offered Adolph Beck \$25,000 in compensation for wrongful imprisonment. Beck was wrongfully convicted in 1896 of obtaining money and jewelry from women under false pretenses.

A hurricane has been blowing along the coast of Yucatan, causing much damage. Small houses were blown down, and the Custom-house boat at Chaetum was hurled against a reef and destroyed. No loss of life is reported.

A civil service system similar to that in operation in the Philippines is expected to be instituted shortly at Porto Rico. The present plan contemplates placing under civil service rules all places in the Insular Government.

Fire consumed the home of Frank Noweski, a Polish miner, in Morris Run, Pa., and the entire family of ten, except the eldest son, aged 18, was either burned to death or smothered. Their charred bodies lie in the ruins of the house.

Lord Mountstephen, formerly president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has presented to the King's hospital fund as a New Year's gift \$500,000 in Argentina funding bonds and \$500,000 in Buenos Ayres water works bonds, yielding an annual income of \$55,000.

The Navy Department has issued an official statement commenting in detail upon the naval operations in the Far Eastern war and giving it as official opinion of the department that the absolute superiority of the battleship in war has been demonstrated time and again.

The Russian Government has decided to issue a new set of stamps for foreign and domestic postage in denominations from 1 to 10 kopecks, bearing pictures of the Kremlin, Plevna, Peter the Great's statue in St. Petersburg, etc. The stamps will be sold for 3 kopecks above their face value, the surplus going to aid the widows and orphans of the war.

A herd of runaway steers created a panic at the City Hall in Cincinnati the other day. The cattle belonged to George and Henry Miller of Oneonta, Ky., and had become frightened while being driven up Plum street. Near Eighth street they charged a crowd of boys, chasing them through the yard of St. Peter's Cathedral. After clearing the yard the steers dashed through the court and into a grocery. The place was literally kicked to pieces by the enraged beasts before they were chased out and finally captured by the owners.

FLEE FROM THE CZAR'S DOMINION

Arrivals of Russian Jews at New York Number 75,160 in Five Months.

WANT TO ESCAPE MILITARY SERVICE

Immigration Officials View the Situation With Alarm—Numbers of Aliens Have Been Refused Right of Landing.

New York.—During the last five months the number of Russian Hebrews arriving at this port has exceeded that of any other nationality, and has amounted to 75,160. The immigration officials view the situation with alarm. In the ten days they have sent back by the steamships on which they came 528 immigrants, chiefly on the ground that they were "assisted."

It is claimed that many societies exist in Europe for the purpose of supplying fleeing Russian Hebrews with tickets for the United States and coaching the fugitives to answer the questions of the immigration officials.

To lessen this in part of what the officials of the Department of Commerce and Labor regard as undesirable immigration the officials of Ellis island are preparing records of many "assisted" cases for submission to Congress.

The flight of the Hebrews from Russia is due to a desire to evade war service.

London.—A Board of Trade bulletin gives the number of aliens arriving in the United Kingdom in 1904 and not destined for places outside of the United Kingdom at 95,724, compared with 82,600 in 1903. The total number of aliens arriving in the United Kingdom, including those on their way to other places, is 195,300, compared with 207,191 in 1903.

Berlin.—Newspapers here say that elders of the peasant community in the Government of Moscow have adopted a resolution declaring they will compel their sons to disobey mobilization orders, preferring that they be shot at home as rebels rather than to be uselessly slaughtered in Manchuria. There are almost daily reports of political assassinations in Warsaw, the victims being policemen, Cossacks and spies. A proclamation has been issued that all persons taking part in street demonstrations against the Government be shot.

half a dozen policemen and several volunteers of the neighborhood.

The boilers of the big towboat Defender blew up in the Ohio river near Huntington, W. Va., and of a crew of twenty-eight only ten or twelve have been rescued alive and they are injured. In a very few minutes, following the explosion, the big steamship was a mass of flames, the fire even spreading to the twenty barges in tow. The boat was in charge of Captain James R. Woodruff of Pittsburgh, who was hurled into the river by the explosion, but was later picked up, not seriously injured.

Rear-Admiral George A. Converse has been appointed chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to serve for four years. He has made a good record in the Navy since he entered the Naval Academy in 1861. He has served in the European squadron in torpedo service as instructor, and was commander of the cruiser Montgomery at the outbreak of the war with Spain. During the trouble he retained his command of the Montgomery with distinction. He later commanded the battleship Illinois, which was completed in 1901.

The London Standard learns from an authoritative source that Japan intends to propose an alteration of the rules of war affecting blockade runners. The fall of Port Arthur has revealed the full extent to which blockade running enabled the garrison to prolong its resistance, resulting in the sacrifice of thousands of Japanese lives. International law inflicts no penalty upon those in charge of blockade runners beyond the confiscation of the vessel and cargo. Japan demands that captains and crews should be treated as belligerents and severely punished. Japan, the Standard says, will ask for a conference of jurists—consults to discuss the question.

CONGRESS BALKS THE PRESIDENT

No Railroad Rate Legislation Is Possible at the Present Session.

LEADERS SAY NOTHING CAN BE DONE

The Present Situation Brought About By an Utter Failure to Come to an Agreement on the Form of Legislation.

Washington.—Railroad rate legislation is dead, so far as the present session of Congress is concerned. It is said by leaders in both branches that nothing could be done, no matter how much President Roosevelt may desire it or how much he may urge it.

The collapse of the campaign for government supervision of railroad rates takes away from the present session the only real live question which promised at one time to keep Congress agitated. When the President gave up all hope of having something done in the line of tariff revision, he had reason to believe something might be accomplished in railroad legislation. But this has now gone the way of tariff revision.

The present situation has been brought about by an utter failure to come to an agreement on the form of legislation. The belief is expressed, both in administration circles and in Congress, that something should be done at once to remedy the evil pointed out in the President's message, but only on this point was there any agreement. When it came to methods, not to say the phraseology of the bill to be presented, there were almost as many different views as members of the Cabinet and leaders in Congress.

Senator Elkins had a conference with the President, but on coming from the White House he would not say that there was any chance for action on a railroad bill in the near future.

Friends of the pure food bill passed by the House and now pending in the Senate, especially members of the International Pure Food Congress, believe that the whisky rectifiers of the country have killed the measure, so far as the present session is concerned. As a consequence they are coming to this city to see what can be done in the way of resurrection.

H. H. Allen of Kentucky, secretary of the Pure Food Congress, will appear before a committee of Congress and present to Senators and Representatives resolutions in favor of the passage of the present bill.

It is asserted that a tremendous lobby, representing the whisky rectifiers of the country, who, according to Dr. H. W. Wiley, produce 85 per cent of the ordinary whisky of American commerce, has been on the ground ever since the session begun. The Pure Food Congress took a decided stand in favor of bottling whisky in bond, and the bill now pending is opposed by the rectifiers because they would be compelled to label their product as adulterated whisky and then offer it for sale at hotels, clubs and bars.

Favors Restricted Naturalization.

Washington.—Secretary Hay's recommendations on the naturalization of aliens, laid before Congress, are that the law should restrict naturalization to certain courts definitely named and forbids all other courts from entertaining naturalization proceedings; that the nature of the testimony upon which naturalization may be conferred should be more particularly prescribed by law than is now; that the language and form of certificates should be prescribed; that they should be printed upon a particular paper, made for the purpose, so as to prevent the extensive counterfeiting which now prevails and that all courts having power to naturalize should be required to make returns of naturalizations to the general government.

Wounds Wife and Kills Himself.

Seattle.—Matthew H. Connors, a former employe at the Courthouse, fired three shots at his wife and then shot himself through the head. His wife received but a slight wound in the arm. Connors lived until he reached the hospital. Family trouble was the cause of the shooting.

FOREST TREES BACKBONE OF THE COUNTRY

President Makes a Stirring Appeal for Preservation of Timber Lands.

SPEAKS OF DEMAND OF NATION

Wood Famine Will Be Inevitable Result, Says the Chief Executive, Unless Steps Are Taken to Stop Destruction.

Washington.—President Roosevelt was the principal speaker at a special session of the American Forestry Congress held Friday at the National Theater. The President accompanied by Secretary Loeb arrived at the theater promptly at 3 o'clock. He was escorted to the stage entrance, and as he appeared before the immense audience which filled every part of the house the people received him standing, while the theater rang with applause and the orchestra played a patriotic air.

Secretary Wilson, in presenting President Roosevelt, who was the first speaker, made no address, simply introducing Mr. Roosevelt as the President of the United States. After the applause had subsided the President spoke in part as follows, his address being punctuated frequently with applause:

"It is a pleasure to greet the members of the American Forestry Congress. You have made, by your coming, a meeting which is without parallel in the history of forestry. For the first time the great business and the forest interests of the nation have joined together, through delegates altogether worthy of the organization they represent, to consider their individual and their common interests in the forests.

"The producers, the manufacturers and the great common carriers of the nation had long failed to realize their true and vital relation to the great forests of the United States, and forests and industries both suffered from the failure. But the time of interference and misunderstanding has gone by.

"The place of the forest in the life of any nation is far too large to be described in the time at my command. This is particularly true of its place in the United States. No man is a true lover of his country whose confidence in its progress and greatness is limited to the period of his own life, and we cannot afford for one instant to forget that our country is only at the beginning of its growth. Unless the forests of the United States can be made ready to meet the vast demands which this growth will inevitably bring, commercial disaster is inevitable.

"If the present rate of forest destruction is allowed to continue a timber famine is obviously inevitable. What such a famine would mean to each of the industries of the United States it is scarcely possible to imagine. And the period of recovery from the injuries which a timber famine would entail would be measured by the slow growth of the trees themselves.

"Whatever it may be possible for the Government to accomplish, its work must ultimately fall unless your interest and support give it permanence and power. It is only as the producing and commercial interests of the country come to realize that they need to have the trees growing up in the forest not less than they need the product of the trees cut down that we may hope to see the permanent prosperity of both safely secured.

"This statement is true not only as to forests in private ownership, but as to the national forests as well. Unless the men from the West believe in forest preservation the Western forests cannot be preserved. I am heartily glad to know that Western sentiment supports more and more vigorously the policy of setting aside national forests, the policy of creating a national forest service and especially the policy of increasing the permanent usefulness of these forest lands to all those who come in contact with them."

Noted Public Man Dead.

Newton, Mass.—William Claflin, ex-Governor of Massachusetts and ex-Congressman, died here, aged 87 years.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits	July 1 to Feb. 1
Rail	October 15 to Nov. 15
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.	
Deer	August 1 to October 1
Trout	April 1 to November 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.	
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.	
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.	

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover	October 15 to February 15
Mountain Quail and Grouse	Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves	July 1 to Feb. 15
Tree Squirrel	Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Male Deer	July 15 to Nov. 1
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited	April 1 to Nov. 1
Steelhead (in tide water) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16	
Striped Bass	July 1 to Jan. 1
Black Bass	Oct. 16 to Sept. 10
Salmon	Aug. 15 to April 1
Lobster or Crawfish	Sept. 1 to May 1
Shrimp	Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Crabs 6 inches across back	Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Turkey and Female Crab	Prohibited
Abalone	Less than 15 inches round

Dies Rather Than Pay Four Cents.

Burlington, N. J.—Rather than pay 4 cents apiece for eggs, which had been prescribed as necessary nourishment to hold body and soul together, Firman Dubell, 86 years old, an eccentric miser, died of starvation in the midst of his curiously hidden fortune, which amounts to almost \$500,000. Eggs and milk the physician had prescribed for the aged miser, who had grown weak after living all his life on mush and molasses, bread and cheese, with the occasional luxury of salt pork or ham. A hired man, who received as his weekly wage a share of the generous fare served at Dubell's table, with 15 cents as an especial favor at Christmas, was sent to the grocery for the necessary eggs. When told the price the old man forbade the purchase.

Italians Cry "Down With Militarism."

Rome.—About fifty new recruits wearing military caps crossed the town singing a Socialist hymn and crying "Long Live Socialism!" "Down with militarism!" Almost all of the recruits were arrested at their barracks.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

You need not be a shadow because you are not a sun.

War would soon go out of fashion if the bankers would quit subscribing for the bonds.

You do not have to throw grit in your neighbor's eye to prove that you are a man of sand.

Many a young man after being turned down by a giddy girl isn't able to appreciate his good luck.

A man will never acquire a fortune unless he is proof against the habit of buying useless things because they are cheap.

Hereafter the right sort of man may feel encouraged to consider the vice presidency as a stepping stone to the presidency.

Wide awake life insurance companies will proceed to classify deer hunting as one of the extra hazardous occupations.

The personal experience of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman in training children might make her remarks on the subject seem highly amusing to the average mother.

At last we have word from our old friend Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister to the United States. The Empress has allowed him to ride horseback in the Forbidden City.

"The longer we live," says the Nebraska State Journal, "the more thoroughly convinced we are that no man knows as much as he lets on." This seems to call for a sharp rejoinder from Editor Stead.

The Chinese word "janson" means the same as the Japanese "banzai," the French "vive," the German "hoch" and the English "hurrah." If the Russians ever had an equivalent for the word it has been forgotten through lack of use.

There were 60,000 divorces in the United States last year, or an average of nearly seven for every hour of the day and night, Sundays included. The business of making and unmaking misfit marriages appears to have become a great national industry.

A Brooklyn scientist has discovered that Chinamen never have consumption because they permit the hair on top of their heads to grow long. If this is the case scientists who have been trying to head off tuberculosis might do better if they devoted their time and efforts to the work of discovering some means of preventing baldness.

If fashionable society should ostracize the divorced the penalty might frighten those of its members disposed to get rid of mates objectionable to them; but, after all, the civil law which grants divorce is the expression of a far larger and wider social sentiment. The sum and substance of it all is that the church can enforce its law only on the consciences of those who firmly believe in its full and divine authority.

There has been far too much of the elegant gentleman idea in the big Eastern universities. President Eliot has just publicly taken note of its somewhat blighting influence at Harvard. A good many young men go there for a course in scorn and get it—though incidentally they may get better things. The same may be said of Yale and Princeton, and though at each and all of these institutions the modest workaday youth may get as good a training as his father could have got the influence of the gilded loafer is bad. The Western universities are spurring the Eastern institutions up with a magnificent competition.

Evidently the gospel is not preached to the poor in pews that rent for \$1,500 per annum. Evidently the poor are not wanted in churches that make no provision for seating them. Evidently there is a serious defect in arrangements for public religious services that take no account of the poor. Evidently there are many churches, and by no means all of them are in New York city, in which the gospel is not only rated above the reach of the poor, but quite too high to be attained by the middle classes or even by the well-to-do—is, in fact, available to none who is not in affluent circumstances. The remedy is free seats in all houses of worship. Like most other reforms, this moves slowly, but it is really moving, and is bound to "win out." "For ever the right comes uppermost."

It's such a beautiful old world. It's a shame not to enjoy it more. It's an artistic old world, too, but do we stop to realize the harmony with which Nature blends all her effects? When a woman gets a new hat, or a gown, she gives up her whole soul to a wrestle with the problem as to how to make the colors harmonize. Nature takes any old colors, orange, purple, green, pink, blue, runs them together, and you can't pick out an inharmonious square inch. What would one woman think of another whom she saw trying to wear a combination of brown, red, purple, yellow and sky blue? Horrible! But look at the frost-touched forest against the sky on a

bright autumn day. Same combination, only more so, and yet you hold your breath in rapture. Curious, isn't it?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is again on the warpath. She is determined, if possible, to realize the old platonic form of socialism—to get the women and children out of the home. In her opinion there is no place so bad as home, be it ever so humble or ever so pretentious. Mrs. Gilman both pities and blames women who work at home. She pities them because they are forced to do fifty kinds of work at home, whereas if they worked in some shop or factory they would simply have one thing to do from morning till night. She blames them that they do not get out of the home, better their condition and do the one thing they like to do best or for which they can get the most money. If this brilliant woman would know just how much women prefer to work at home instead of acting as employees outside let her follow the returns from an advertisement in a daily newspaper offering women remunerative work that can be done in their home. She would find a hundred women to one in favor of this kind of employment. Mrs. Gilman would have no cooking done inside the four walls of the home. Perhaps she is not fastidious. Perhaps she has not lived at restaurants or fed from bakeshops for any length of time. Those who have are truly grateful for the simplest home cooking and prefer it to the "sloppy, greasy, ill-smelling business" which Mrs. Gilman finds in the home, but which others find in the food factories which Mrs. Gilman extols so highly. Even the baby, according to the new gospel, is not to be allowed in the home except as an occasional visitor. He is to take his place in the throng of babies collected in a common nursery and controlled by some one who is not a mother, but who has a diploma certifying pedagogical proficiency. After Mrs. Gilman has expelled the mother, the baby, the kitchen, the larder and the family hearth from the home there seems little left of it to "come home" to except a place to sleep. What is all the toll for? What are the babies for, except to build up a home and family life that is worth having? The whole instinct of womanhood rebels against Mrs. Gilman's proposition. Nature takes care of some things and she looks out religiously for the home. There are cases of abnormality and monstrosity, but these are the exception and not the rule. Plato propounded his doctrine of free love and community life twenty-five centuries ago, but the family still exists and the baby is cared for by his mother.

PASSING OF THE COWBOY.

He Has Done Much for the Western Country, but His Day Has Gone.

The passing of the cowboy from the Western ranges is an inevitable part of our national development. With the restriction of pasture and the introduction of fences the necessity for guardians of our grazing lands is fast disappearing, and the erstwhile fantastic figure of the cowboy immortalized in art and literature must go forever.

Those pioneers who have lived in the West for many years have vivid recollections of the cowboy in his prime glory. He was a picturesque personage, a terror of the frontier, and at the same time a paragon of bravery and gallantry. Humanity has never had a more striking or higher exponent of knight errantry than is represented in those men who rode the ranges and guarded the herds. In the storm which invited stampede; in the silent night beneath the stars, and during the burning heat of day, the men who sat in their saddles for many hours and faithfully kept their lonely vigil were heroes who may well be immortalized in verse and story.

The great West, especially that portion which is given over to the cattle raising industry, owes its development largely to the cowboy. As a spectacular and at the same time faithful and necessary adjunct of live-stock production, this type of man stands out in scenic interest. One cannot contemplate the old-time cattle business without including in the retrospection the "cow puncher" now fast disappearing. The civilizing tendencies of tranquility and progress have rung down the curtain upon the dauntless men who for half a century earned sustenance upon the range and lived under the patronage of the ranchmen. The wreck of storm, the fever of heat and the romantic associations of the employment have cast the cowboy in heroic mold.—Kansas City Journal.

Married in the Dark.

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff says in his "Notes from a Diary, 1892-95," that Browning was not in the least thin-skinned about the charge of obscenity so commonly made against his poetry.

He once repeated to Sir Mountstuart a story which illustrated Wordsworth's strange want both of humor and of the sense of humor. "But, after all, Wordsworth was unjust to himself," commented Browning. "He was not without humor, for on hearing of my engagement to Miss Barrett, he said, 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them!'"

Not Sure of His Job.

Gusie—You may spurn me now, Miss Jones, but remember that I may not always be a stock broker's clerk. Miss Jones—No, that's just it. You may lose your job at any time.—Pick-Me-Up.

A pretty girl says many a young man who knows where to stop doesn't know when to go.

LOW-HEADED APPLE TREES.

The low-headed apple tree is in style now more than ever before. In the days of our youth it was believed that an apple tree should be high, so that its leaves and its fruit would be bathed in eternal sunshine. Some of the trees were grown so high that no ladder was long enough to enable the picker to get at the fruit, and it had to be shaken off or beaten off, much to the detriment of the fruit and the buds that were being formed for the fruit-bearing of the next year. There was another bad thing about the high-headed tree, and that was its habit of breaking under great loads of fruit. It was too high from the ground to be propped, and it was no unusual thing to see great, unsightly stumps where some overloaded limb had given way. It was perhaps more susceptible to the attack of the borers. Certainly the borers should have found it well adapted to their operations. Had spraying been in vogue those days, it is safe to say that the spraying of an orchard of such trees would have been a serious matter indeed.

The low-headed tree has made its way only slowly, but it has made its way all the same. We find it now everywhere in the commercial orchards, though the high-headed tree is still grown in many family orchards. After a great windstorm two years ago, the writer visited two orchards a few miles apart. One was headed fairly high, though not so high as the old-fashioned orchard would have been headed. The other was headed so low that many of the limbs rested on the ground. In the first orchard the ground was covered with apples that had been shaken down by the wind. In the other the fruit had hardly been touched. The latter orchard covered a large area and the trees stood firm and presented a determined resistance to the tempest. The first rows seemed to throw the wind up and protected the others. There were few apples on the ground except under the first two rows of trees. The limbs of the others hung so close to the ground that they yielded little to the force of the wind. The value of the apples saved amounted to hundreds of dollars.

One man that has an orchard of low-headed trees, in number about 2000, says that he has little trouble with the borers, and he attributes his freedom from this pest to the low-heading of the trees. It is certainly true that low-headed trees are not subject very much to sun-scald. They are easily sprayed and the fruit is very easy to gather. In the case of thinning the fruit, the work is easy to accomplish, whereas the fruit on the old-fashioned high trees could never have been thinned except at an expense that would have been prohibitive.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

ENGLISH SHEEP POINTERS.

Here are some sheep axioms from England:

Keep sheep off of wet grass. Use salt freely. Burn dead grass to destroy parasites.

Do not keep sheep long continuously on the same land.—Ex.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

When a tree dies or is broken down it should be replaced, as a gap in an orchard looks bad and is bad.

Birds eat some fruit, it is true, but they also eat insects that would destroy many times the quantity of fruit the birds would or could.

Observe how successful grape growers prune and care for their vines, and if you can't improve on them follow the example they set.

The cherry worm has at last found its way to the Pacific Coast, and reports of its destructiveness in the Rogue River Valley, Southern Oregon, are at hand.

Cut the dead and dying limbs out of the apple trees now if you have not already done so, for they are useless and interfere more or less with the fruit.

Success with any crop depends largely upon how well the work of planting and cultivating is done. Better not attempt more than can be done thoroughly.

Very young trees are preferable for planting. They cost less, can be taken up with more perfect roots, are much more likely to live and can be more readily trained to any desired shape.

New grape vines should be set deep enough so that only the new buds will be able to appear above the ground, and all the original cutting will be covered.

It is a good policy to clean up and burn all the rubbish in the orchard and garden, thus destroying the insects that lurk there. All brush heaps and rubbish piles are hiding places for rabbits, and where there are rabbits no young trees are safe. A well trimmed hedge row and a clean orchard are unpopular resorts for rabbits. A dog can keep them frightened away if they have no retreats. The brush will make a bonfire or if hauled into the hog pasture will be appreciated by the hogs when turned into ashes and charcoal.

BENEFICIAL SIDE OF PEST QUESTION.

The use of the word "beneficial" in considering pests may awaken some surprise. Are not pests evil and only evil continually? That depends. I shall not contend that a pest is beneficial per se, but many kinds of evil may indirectly minister to our good. The word "pest" is here used to denote "that which is very noxious, mischievous or destructive." Pests may belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom. The horticulturist has mainly to contend with vegetable and animal pests. Under the head of weeds and fungi we may classify the most of the vegetable pests; while the most of our animal pests are insects. Can we see anything beneficial in weeds? Not directly. But I hesitate not to say that the farmers of the United States have been benefited to the extent of millions of dollars by the presence of weeds in their fields. Why does the average farmer till his soil? To kill the weeds and if the weeds were not there the tilling would not be done in most cases. Now, it is well known to the thoroughly educated farmer that his soil should be tilled if there were not a weed to be found on the farm. Moreover, some of the best tilling should be done before the weeds make their appearance or before the seed for our contemplated crop is committed to the earth, I hazard nothing in saying that the chief aim in tilling the soil should be to fine the earth so that it can give up its fertility and also to conserve moisture.

Now, it will not be claimed that in all cases there will be so much indirect benefit in fighting pests. In many cases we do not yet know of any benefits derived from our efforts to control or eradicate certain pests. In using the Bordeaux mixture in my first spraying each year for the codling moth, which was done primarily to make the material stick, I am confident that I have improved the color of the foliage of my apple trees and benefited the color of my apples. As in the case of weeds the indirect benefit may be known when we are better acquainted with the results of our spraying.

There is, however, a benefit that is almost universal, coming to the man who successfully combats insect pests and fungus diseases. Many fruit growers will not fight these pests at all, or only very imperfectly, and the result is that the man with the clean fruit will realize more from his fruit than he could if there were no pests. Some have gone so far as to say that if there were no pests with which to contend in the raising of apples, the fruit would be so plentiful that no money could be made at the business. I do not fully endorse that position, but it is without doubt true that in that case our profits would be less.

Many fruit growers will not successfully combat the many pests that beset us. So if we have clean fruit we will get better prices and in this way be benefited by what proves to be their ruin.

The lesson I would impart from the subject matter of this paper is this: Some will be so discouraged that they will give up, others will produce much unsalable fruit, but if we make an intelligent study of the matter and fight all pests with determination we will in most cases make a success of fruit growing and will be able to realize that there is a "beneficial side to the pest question."—F. Walden at a meeting of the Northwest Fruitgrowers' Association in Portland, Oregon.

METAL COOPS.

At a state fair recently the writer saw some coops made out of metal, the parts being adjustable. The idea is a good one. It is not necessary to go to the patent men to buy, but any man of intelligence can invent a metal coop for himself with side and ends as well as floors adjustable. Such a coop has several advantages over the wooden coop. It should last forever, if properly painted and taken care of. No rat can gnaw a hole through such a coop, nor are there permanent crevices in which lice can collect. They have no pores to fill up with disease germs to subsequently breed disease. They may be scalded out frequently or may be subject to a degree of heat that will destroy all life. If the metal floors come into contact with the wet ground they do not get damp.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

CATCHING SHEEP BY THE WOOL.

We are almost out of patience when we see men, who have kept sheep for years, catch them by seizing hold of their wool. It is cruel, shamefully cruel, and a man with any heart in him would never do it a second time if he could see the red blood-settled looking flesh always found under such a spot if the poor sheep is killed shortly after the abuse. It is almost as easy to catch a sheep by the neck or leg, and if it were not it would be no excuse, thus tearing, as it frequently does, the skin from the flesh just beneath it. The sheep is so delicately made, and the skin is made so tender by the close protecting fleece, that it is a much more serious thing to pull the wool of a sheep than the hair on one's head.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.



LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

The Mountain and the Valley.
Have you ever heard, my laddies, of that wondrous mountain-peak on which we all would like to live, which even children seek?

It has reared its lofty summit ever since the world began. You will know it when I name it—it's the Mountain of the Can't.

It lies beyond the valley where so many people dwell (The Valley of the Can't, it's called. We all know that place well; And the pathway is so rugged leading up the mountain side That few there are who reach the top to dwell there satisfied.

One may start out some fine morning when the sun is shining bright, saying, "Pooh! That path is easy. I will reach the top by night." But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and a mist obscures the way, And he stumbles over boulders, and falls in dismay.

He is weary and discouraged; he begins to puff and pant; So he turns his footsteps backward toward the Valley of the Can't. Here he meets again the neighbors whom he thought to leave behind; And henceforth dwells among them, with the lame and halt and blind.

But sometimes a man more venturesome and plucky than the rest Will climb through rocks and bramble till he stands upon the crest.

Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he gazes far and wide At the beauty of the buildings, at the wealth on every side.

For behold! the grandest castles raise their towers to the sky; Noblest bridges span the waters that go swiftly tumbling by.

Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each stately palace home; And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath each gilded dome.

Here dwell artists, poets, statesmen—men of letters and renown, Who by honest toil and patience have achieved a victor's crown.

Here they live and learn and study, and in daily knowledge grow, While their brethren in the valley pay them homage from below.

Pay them homage—yet forgetting that should they, too, persevere, They might some day reach the summit with the men whom they revere. Forgetting that each lesson learned, each slight accomplishment, Brings them on just one step farther up the mountain's steep ascent.

Now, my laddie, where will you dwell when you grow to be a man— In the Valley of the Can't or on the Mountain of the Can't? —St. Nicholas.



I feel so terribly stuck up. I don't know what to do. And all because I dabbled in: A Pot of Liquid Glue!

Making a Tool Cabinet.

A very convenient tool cabinet that will hang against the wall may be made with two doors of nearly equal size, so that there will be four instead of two surfaces against which to hang tools. The body of the chest is thirty inches high, twenty inches wide, and nine inches deep, outside measure. It is made of wood three-quarters of an inch in thickness, fastened together with screws and glue, and varnished to improve its appearance. One side of the cabinet is but three inches and a half wide, and to this side the inner door is made fast with hinges, so it will swing in against a stop-molding on the opposite side.

A small bolt on the door will fasten it in place when shut in, and on both sides of this door hooks and pegs can be arranged on which to hang tools. Inside the back of the cabinet hooks and pegs can be arranged also, for saws, squares and other flat tools. The outer door is provided with a side strip to take the place of the lacking part of that side of the cabinet, and when the doors are closed in and locked the appearance of the chest will be uniform.

With a little careful planning and figuring it will not be a difficult matter to construct this cabinet and the

doors so that they will fit snugly and close easily. The doors will keep their shape better if made from narrow matched boards and held together at the ends with battens or strips nailed across the ends of the boards. Two-inch wrought butts will be heavy enough for the hinges of the doors. Provide a cabinet lock at the edge of the outer door.

On the inside of the outer door some tool pegs can be arranged, and near the bottom a bit rack is made with a leather strap formed into loops. Under each loop a hole is bored in a strip of wood into which the square end of the bits will fit, so they will stand vertically and appear in an orderly row; for chisels a similar set of pockets can be made of wood.—St. Nicholas.

Degrees of Sweetness.

"Nettie," said a mother to her 5-year-old daughter, "here's a dime; go to the drug store and get me a bottle of sweet oil."

Nettie started down the street, but soon returned to ask: "About how sweet do you want it, mamma?"

Good Way to Stop It.

Mother—Bobby, this is the third time I have caught you helping yourself to cake and jam. I'm getting tired of it.

Bobby—Well, why don't you quit hanging around the pantry, then?

Water on the Brain.

Tommy—Did you ever have water on the brain, Uncle John?

Uncle John (who is quite bald)—No, Tommy; but why do you ask?

Tommy—Oh, I thought you did, and your hair fell in and got drowned.

Ancient History.

"Who discovered America?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "Adam and Eve," promptly replied the boy at the foot.

TWO INNOCENT SMUGGLERS.

Cocoon Deal Turned Out to Be Profitable for Them.

The slabs were empty and business was dull one Saturday night in the morgue and Deputy Coroner Charles Meehan grew reminiscent, says the San Francisco Call.

"I'll never forget how near I was to getting into serious trouble without having the slightest suspicion of it," he said, as the humorous crows' feet at the corners of his eyes opened and closed like fans. "It was some years ago and I and my chum, Bill Smith, were out of work, business being dull in the plumbing line. Well, we took a rowboat along Meigs' wharf one afternoon, just to kill time, when Bill sees a lot of things like cocoanuts floating on the water. He sticks in his oar and pulls in half a dozen. They were strung together just like beads, and we cut open one of the cocoanuts to see what was inside of them, and we dug out a little square tin with a Chinese label on it and when we open it we find a lot of black stuff that smells like opium.

"They must have floated in from some wreck," says Bill, and we goes after the rest of the cocoanuts that were floating around till we got all in sight and fills up the bottom of the boat with them. Well, we judges that there must be \$40 or \$50 worth of opium in the load. Instead of cocoanuts we find that the tins had been wrapped in papers full of Chinese characters, so that they'd float in case of shipwreck.

"So we takes the stuff to the wharf and packs it to a vacant house on Oregon street and puts it under the front steps. Then we buy a couple of packing boxes, dumps the nuts into them and puts them under the steps again. We take a can as a sample and go up to Chinatown and they direct us to a Chink, who examines the stuff and tells us he'll buy all we have of it if we bring it to his store. Well, we hire an express wagon, put the boxes on board, sit up on the seat with the driver in broad daylight and ride past the custom house into Chinatown. I had no idea that the stuff was smuggled and was thrown overboard to be picked up by somebody on the watch or I wouldn't have been on that wagon for \$500. Well, to cut a long story short, how much do you think the Chinaman offered us? You could have knocked me down with a straw. He says: 'I give you \$1,750 for the lot. Not worth any more than that.' And he gave us the money in \$20 gold pieces."

"I suppose you invested the money," suggested one of the hearers.

"Invested? Well, that's what you call it. We didn't do a lick of work for a year. But we'd 'a' gone to the pen if the customs officers had caught on that wagon. They'd 'a' had us dead in the door and we was as innocent as babies."

She—A girl friend of mine is training herself for an elocutionist.

He—Indeed! What is the name of the elocutionist she is training herself for?

While the average man isn't bad enough to need reforming, he is not good enough sometimes to make a desirable husband.



A JAPANESE BATTERY, SUPPORTED BY INFANTRY, ADVANCING UNDER A HAIL OF RUSSIAN FIRE.

The deadly effect of shrapnel in the present war in the East has often been referred to in dispatches from the front and from the accompanying illustration, taken from the London Graphic, a good idea may be had of its destructiveness. The picture represents the advance of a Japanese battery near Tashichao. The battery was quietly advancing, says the Graphic, when suddenly there was the thunder of guns. White puffs of smoke could be seen on the hillside, coming from the Russian guns that were screened. The death-laden shells exploded, carrying hundreds of bullets and splinters into the midst of the advancing force. Whenever the little white shrapnel clouds were seen across the valley, there was havoc wrought. The greedy shrapnel seemed to seek out even those who thought they were under cover and to waylay those who ran for shelter. The shrapnel used by the Japanese is even more deadly than that of the Russians, owing to the superior powder used. The Japanese shells on exploding are broken into many hundreds of fragments, each fragment a possible missile of death.

VISION OF THE OLD HOME.

To one forewent with stress of trade
And schemes of gain in city marts
There comes a breath of country hay
Wafted from passing carts.

Fades the long line of brick and stone,
The street's rude tumult dies away,
From money-getting for a space
His soul cries holiday.

And with him down the orchard path,
Past springhouse and the pasture wall,
Her spirit walks who taught her child
Of the love that is o'er all.

The vision vanishes and straight
The street's rude tumult in his ears;
But in his heart a heavenly strain,
—Harper's.

A SUBTLE SPECULATION.

CHIFFON CARROL looked carefully about the room—nothing had been forgotten. Closing her satchel, she turned to leave, when the sound of muffled sobbing came to her ears. She listened intently, then impulsively crossed the wide hall, and rapped at the opposite door. In answer to a low "come," she entered, and was surprised to find, on a couch before the dozing fire, the woman who, six months before, had become her father's wife. From the first Chiffon had been determined not to like her, but the older woman's gentleness and sweetness of disposition were beginning to make an impression. "I am not dressing for dinner to-night, Jane. I shall not go down; I am too sad and my head aches," came in muffled tones from the pillows. Deft fingers loosened the heavy masses of hair, and a gentle, penetrating massage followed. The surprised sufferer raised her eyes, catching her breath with a little half-sob as she saw it was not her maid, but the one whose love she despaired of gaining.

"This is very sweet of you, Rose, dear," she said gently. "Indeed, I want to make you more comfortable," answered a soothing voice. "I cannot bear that any one should suffer. Why are you so miserable, Mrs. Carrol? Is your son worse to-day?"

"Mrs. Carrol! Is that the only name you can find in your heart to call me, dear? I wonder if you will ever call me mother? I have always longed for a daughter; your own dear mother could be no more tender than I would be if you would only open your heart to me."

"I really care for you," answered the girl, kissing her warmly. "Won't you call me Chiffon? Those I love call me by that name."

"Such a dainty pet name! I have not dared to use it. Do you think, Chiffon, that your father's heart is not big enough for us both? I would not take one iota of his love from you."

The proud head was gently lowered as Chiffon's arm crept around the other's neck, and as their tears mingled the barrier was gone forever.

"Mother, why do you not bring your boy here? Surely your home should be his. Let him have my rooms, they are the sunniest. I shall be gone a month; by that time he may be able to move to the suite above. How long is it since he was injured?"

"He has been in the hospital nine months, his horse fell on him and his spine was hurt. The surgeons promise a complete cure, but the waiting is so tedious, and the suspense almost unbearable."

"Will you accept my offer?" asked Chiffon. "My visit will be happier if you do."

"I gladly accept, dear. Philip never would have come without your invitation."

"What a sensitive boy!" exclaimed Chiffon. "Give him my warmest salu-

pathy and tell him I feel that we shall be warm friends. I will help to amuse him when I come back; does he care to be read to?"

"He is very fond of company," answered his mother, "but is very sensitive about the crutches he is obliged to use."

Chiffon had anticipated no end of a good time. Although she was entertained continually her heart yearned for home, and at the end of three weeks she surprised them by returning unannounced.

"How is our invalid?" was her first question, after affectionately greeting her father and mother.

"Improving every day," answered her mother; "you must see him after dinner. He is anxious to thank you, although he said it would be rank presumption to accept the use of your rooms, and occupies those over yours."

"What an unusually thoughtful boy!" laughed Chiffon.

Immediately after dinner she ran over the stairs to the invalid's apartments, armed with two of Henry's newest books for boys, which she had brought home from the city; also, a bound volume of St. Nicholas Magazine. As she entered the room, in answer to a deep "come in," a scarlet flame rushed from the proud chin, losing itself in the fluffy pompadour.

For the first time since she could remember, Chiffon Carrol was not equal to the emergency, and stood staring blankly into the eyes of a young man of twenty-six years, who arose to meet her. She had expected to find herself in the presence of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"Where are your crutches?" she gasped.

"Thrown away forever, I hope. Aren't you going to congratulate me and tell me that you are glad?"

"But you are so tall and so old," she faltered.

"A veritable Methusalem! A modern Goliath!" he responded smilingly.

"I thought to find a little boy," she hesitated.

"And are you very sorry?"

"Not exactly sorry, but awfully embarrassed and ashamed," she laughed; "and I had no reason in the world for my supposition excepting that your mother is so young and beautiful."

"The matter is all of that," he acquiesced tenderly. "I believe she married at seventeen."

"I have brought you some solid mental food," said Chiffon, demurely, handing him the books. "If we had been properly introduced I might offer to assist you to assimilate them."

Philip Calvert threw back his handsome head, and laughed aloud for the first time since his accident.

"How unchivalrous! But perhaps you prefer muggins, or old maids," she continued, taking a pack of cards from the table and looking at him with dancing eyes. "Why, you are standing; and yesterday was the first time that you had stood alone."

"By Jove, I had forgotten!" he exclaimed.

"Lie down immediately, and I will skim through the paper if you like. What shall it be—the stock market first?"

"If you please," he answered, not caring a rap what she read, as long as he could watch the soft flush on her cheeks come and go, and meet her eyes occasionally.

Mrs. Carrol was much surprised to find them thus cosily ensconced. She had wondered at Chiffon's disappearance and was feeling a trifle hurt that she had not asked to visit the invalid.

Philip maintained a prudent silence, while Chiffon, with evident embarrassment, explained the situation.

"Is it all right that I should read, a little, to Mr. Calvert?"

"It is evidently all right," answered Mrs. Carrol, looking understandingly into Philip's animated face. "The stock market has acted as a tonic."

Chiffon was an excellent horsewoman, and it was not long before she was allowed to drive Philip out.

The young man chafed under his affliction. Naturally an athlete, he longed for activity. One day still another famous surgeon was summoned in consultation.

That evening when Chiffon made her daily visit she found a morose listener. At last Philip took the paper gently from her saying:

"It's no use, Chiffon. I have not heard one word, I can't listen to-night. I want to talk to you. I can walk very well now, and the gruff old fellow who was here to-day promises that German baths will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Still, I won't go abroad alone."

"Such a thing would be very indiscreet at least. I fancy your mother would go with you," she answered.

"I should not think of allowing her to leave her new-found happiness." Then, wistfully, "I thought, perhaps, that some one whose sweetness and adorable womanly inconsistencies have warmed my heart into new life, some one whose precious encouragement in hours of despair has been unspeakable consolation, comforting me and giving hope when I had grown morbid and felt myself a being apart—I thought, Chiffon, that this dear girl might marry me and take in the continent as a wedding journey."

Then, continuing with nervous rapidity, "I knew if I saw her, day after day, she would become the life of my life. But how was a poor cripple to run away from his fate even if he was so inclined? Sometimes she whom I love is the embodiment of tenderness; at other times I feel that her heart is adamant."

His forlornness appealed to her. She reddened at memories of her own duplicity, little elusive acts that went to hide her love for him from his watchful eyes. Then after a silence, she demurely—

"Why speculate any longer, Philip? Why not ask her? I assure you that she loves you, dear."—Waverley Magazine.

Tests the Postal System.

An Englishman has been testing the efficiency of the British postoffice. A message written, with an address, on the back of a postage stamp, was duly forwarded and delivered. Naturally a letter addressed to St. Nicholas (Santa Claus) could not have a similar experience, but it came back marked "Addressee deceased!"

On one occasion he pasted a stamp and an address on the inside of a pocketbook, closed it and dropped it in a box. The wily postal official found the address and delivered it the next day. A Russian cigarette was mailed with a stamp at one end and the address on the wrapper. As it broke on the way the postoffice kindly delivered it in an envelope.

Once he sent a letter to a man living near London bridge, whose name and address he had forgotten. He pasted a picture postal on the envelope, marked on it the house in which the man resided and wrote: "Deliver the letter to the owner of this house." Again the postoffice did as requested.

Promissory Notes.

It is said that a man whose musical talent was as widely known as his impetuous condition once accosted a friend on the street, drew him into a doorway, and requested a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"When do you think you'll be able to repay it?" asked the friend, to whom it was by no means a new experience.

"This time," said the ready borrower, with an engaging smile, "I hoped you'd be willing to make it a 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan."

"A what?" demanded the practical man.

"A 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan," said his expensive friend. "It may be for years, and it may be forever."

We will admit that when there are more implements at the plate than one knife, one fork and one spoon, we are sorry we accepted the invitation.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Sense of Gratitude.

LIVING and taking makes up such a large part of life that the art of thanks is well worth a little consideration. * * * The sensation of gratitude is, generally speaking, a double sensation. It consists in pleasure produced by a gift or favor for its own sake, and in a renewed sense of affection or regard toward the giver. The latter should always be the uppermost feeling in the mind, though there are circumstances in which it is not possible that it should be the strongest. A well-expressed gratitude conveys both feelings, and every gratitude which does so is well expressed, however badly it may be worded. Occasionally only one of these two feelings is present in the mind, and it is a nice question of morals how far the other may rightly be simulated. * * * The amount of thanks a man receives during his life depends very largely upon his accomplishment as a giver. There are those who give with so much simplicity that they conciliate the proud, set the shy at their ease, and dull the selfish sharpness of critical perceptions; but the obligation of returning thanks remains the same, however awkwardly it may be laid upon us. No man has any right to consider his creditor's circumstances before he pays his debt, or to keep his creditor waiting because of his bad manners. Gratitude is a debt which only the worst men repudiate. The things for which we feel most warmly grateful we can at least often repay in kind, but the treasury of words is freely open to the poorest, and it is surely worth some pains to learn how best to count them.—London Spectator.

The Decay of "Faithfulness."

WE seldom hear the word "faithfulness" used now in the old-fashioned Evangelical sense, when it had reference, according to the definition in Murray's Dictionary, "to the duty of telling unwelcome counsel." Very few people now pride themselves upon being "faithful" with their friends—i. e., never allowing affection or a proper regard for the liberty of the individual to stand between them and a true expression of unasked opinion. No one boasts that he or she has been "faithful." Such severity may be at times necessary, and often excusable, but it is no longer admired. A tendency to rigorous dealing, whether verbal or otherwise, has lost its place among the virtues, and takes rank among minor defects of character. Of course, we all tell unpleasant truths and give unwelcome advice at times, but not often of set purpose. We do it, so to speak, by accident—because we have lost our tempers, or are otherwise carried away by our feelings. Those who suffer from the faithful wounds of a friend, or painfully reject his gratuitous guidance, do not try, as their grandfathers tried—after the first moment of inevitable irritation was over—to feel gratitude towards him on the ground of his faithfulness; at best nowadays they do but try to forgive him for his interference.

All this, of course, is merely a part of the modern softening of manners, the modern respect for the individual, and the modern worship of liberty. For the decay of "faithfulness" within the circle of intimacy comes of the same advance in civilization which has killed verbal personal violence in the wider circle of cultivated society. Friends no longer dare to play with sharp-edged personalities. Acquaintances no longer search in conversation, as Theodore Hook's contemporaries appear to have searched, for something to hit with. Unless a man wishes to be hated, he must use his knowledge of the weaknesses of those around him in order to spare not to chastise them.—London Spectator.

Is Mental Vigor on the Wane?

A DISTINGUISHED British physician, Dr. Hyslop, is quoted as saying that "with the apparent advance of civilization there is in reality a diminution in intellectual vigor, mainly due to faulty management in economy of brain power." The assertion that there has been no increase in intellectual power since the

earliest period of recorded history is quite familiar, but one does not often hear from an authoritative source the statement that the mental vigor of the most progressive races is actually declining.

Is this a fact? Do we find evidence thereof in the activities of the generation now holding the world's stage or in the work of the generation fitting itself in school, field and workshop for future control? Hardly. In the sciences, in the arts, in every line of research and invention, there is steady if not remarkable progress. The patent offices of the various countries do not indicate any diminution of mental fertility or ingenuity. The fiction, the poetry, the periodical literature and journalism of the day, with all the excrescences we deplore in them, do not afford proof of mental deterioration.

The standards of our secondary schools, colleges, universities and professional institutions are higher than ever, yet we do not get the impression from educators' reports that boys and girls are unequal to the task of meeting the tests imposed before admission or of following the courses prescribed.

No, there seems to be no evidence of the waning of intelligence alleged by the eminent physician. Nevertheless, there is "food for thought" in his remarks, to this extent at least—that such phenomena as the rapid increase of lunacy demand serious inquiry into our systems of education. Facts are useful when they readily fall into classes presided over by large ideas. An ill-assorted collection of barren facts is of little value, and tends to "diffuse consciousness" and lack of continuity of thought. The world was never richer than it is to-day in the raw material knowledge, but the chief function of education is to develop capacity for deep and sustained thought. Given concentration, discipline and method, and the accumulation of knowledge is relatively easy in our time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Catching Cold" and How to Avoid It.

IF people could only get the superstition out of their heads that pneumonia and its invariable precursor, a "cold," are due to cold air and draughts, the death rate from pneumonia and the discomfort rate from "colds" could be cut down in a week to almost nothing. Never was there a more destructive misnomer than calling the fever which does so much harm a "cold."

As a matter of fact, a "cold" is not due to cold at all, but to overheating the skin and a lack of fresh air in the lungs. People put on heavy woolen underclothing, sit in a room heated to the temperature of midsummer, perspire freely, thus opening their pores; the moisture is prevented by the wool from evaporating and leaving the skin cool and dry and remains on the surface thus rendered sensitive. Then they go suddenly out into the cold air, which instantly chills the moist and open pores, drives the blood away from the surface, creates an internal congestion that deranges all the organs, and a fever follows. This, of course, affects the mucous membrane from within, and the membrane, which has been dried and baked in the overheated room, and thus made a lodging for the dangerous microbes bred in foul and oxygen-exhausted air, cannot resist the attack through the blood and becomes an easy prey to the microbes from without. Then there is suffering and, too often, pneumonia and death.

A European once asked a Canadian Indian who wore nothing but a loosely wrapped blanket in the northern winter, whether he would not take cold. "Cold?" replied the Indian, scornfully. "White man not cover his face—white man's face not cold? No? Indian all face!"

That is the secret of immunity from colds and pneumonia. Be all face—that is, do not wear heavy underclothing but heavy overclothing which you can remove in a warm room, breathe plenty of fresh oxygenated air, and you can laugh the draughts to scorn, will find the outdoor cold much more easily bearable, and can gradually reduce the temperature of your home and your office to the European standard. So shall you escape pneumonia and premature death.—Chicago Journal.

HOW WOMAN ACTS IN DANGER.

Can Be Depended On for Something Unusual When Frightened.

Speeding down Michigan avenue the other evening in his automobile with a feminine companion, Sidney Godham, secretary of the Automobile Club, suddenly spied a cat in the middle of the road, staring at his headlights.

"Now, I'm going to get that cat," he remarked to his companion, who earnestly begged him to desist. "No," he persisted, "there were too many stray cats prowling about in the world already," and he speeded his automobile straight ahead. Within five feet of the bewildered animal, which for some strange reason had not budged, the girl leaned forward in her intense sympathy for the poor cat about to be crushed. Mr. Godham, running his machine at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, suddenly veered to the side. He saved the cat, but pretty nearly lost his companion, who, unable to preserve her poise, went pitching out of the vehicle, he catching her by the coat just in time to save a catastrophe.

This is only one of the many incidents in which the "eternal feminine" will do an unusual or unguarded thing in the presence of sudden fright. Not that women are any more susceptible to loss of presence of mind than men, generally. On the contrary, from the testimony of those who have had wide experience in dealing with both sexes in the presence of scares of any kind, women hold equal rank with men—in cases of fires, runaways, in burglar frights, and in automobile scares, in spite of the exception given.

"In fact," continues Mr. Godham, speaking of automobilizing, "I find my wife keeps her head just as well as I do, and the same thing is true of pretty nearly all the women I know. Of course, we don't have much to frighten us. Accidents are really much more rare than people generally suppose. With confidence in their operator—when they are not scared out of it, as in the case I have just related—women do not always realize real danger when it comes."

The narrowest escape I ever had occurred when there were three women in my auto. I was running down a small hill over a narrow road with high banks on either side and only four feet away when I spied a broken bottle in the middle of the track. I

turned to the side, seeking to save my tire, when I suddenly found the wheels sliding down the bank. I called instantly to the women to jump. Then I sat and waited. At that moment I would have taken a hundred dollars for that machine which I paid \$2,500 for. It looked as if it still might go over any moment, and land at the bottom of the bank upside down. I managed to save it, but would you believe, when I asked those women to get out they simply giggled. I knew, of course, the switch was thrown and that we might be hurled into eternity any moment.

An energetic but inexperienced girl will act differently from a sympathetic or well-poised woman. A case is related of one girl out in an automobile for the first time. The operator, who was likewise inexperienced, had the lever reversed and did not know it. Suddenly the machine began backing, driving straight for a curb. The energetic girl rose up and called "Whoa! whoa!" much to the amusement of the crowd watching the performance. Her lack of reserve and loss of presence of mind manifested itself in the presence of sudden fright.

Another energetic woman, perfectly able to keep cool on all occasions, may perform a deed of real heroism in the case of sudden danger. "In fire scares," says Marshal Campion of engine house No. 5, "I can't see but a woman is just as brave as a man any time. I pretty nearly lost my life once, and would have had it not been for a woman. I was down in the basement of an old dance hall on the West Side, which was in a mass of flames, and I had simply lost my way. I called up in my dilemma, and it was a woman who stood at the head of the stairs and directed me out with flames sweeping about like mad."

"Still, women do lose their heads. Just a short time ago one woman came out of a burning building with her hat and bandbox and left five hundred dollars' worth of jewels on her dresser. As luck would have it, though, they were buried in the plastering and she recovered them later."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing and Telling to Order.

"Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does."

"Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.

SENATOR HOAR DIED POOR.

Lived in Boarding House at Washington—Cottage His Home.

It would be idle to impute to the late Senator Hoar all the virtues or to deny him his share of failings, says a writer in Booklovers' Magazine. He was a very human man. His passions were strong and his judgments positive. On some public measures he was unduly dogmatic. Often he indulged in personalities; his partisanship was bitter. On occasion he could even be waspish and distinctly disagreeable.

Ordinarily he was not only affable but his courtesy was notable. Unlike many Senators, he was exceedingly approachable. He usually sat at the head of the long table in his committee room, meeting all comers with urbanity, treating the humblest with as much consideration as the mightiest.

Descendant of a line of distinguished ancestors running back to Roger Sherman, he early showed capacity for high service. He died in harness after a service in Congress extending over thirty years and was so poor that all this time he lived in a boarding house in Washington and had only a modest cottage at his home in Worcester. Last February I overheard him say with the utmost frankness that he could not make a small purchase because he had found that his bank account was overdrawn and he must send his salary to make it balance. It was just after he had buried his wife. He left a small legacy in worldly goods, but the nation has seldom had a richer heritage in character.

That he should have been maligned and misunderstood was inevitable. He gave hard blows and took them freely. He asked no consideration of any one. He stood on his own feet. He feared no man, besought none and believed in others as he believed in himself. This does not mean that he was austere; on the contrary, he was one of the kindest of men. He was not ambitious in the ordinary sense of the word; he cared little for the things which most men look upon as prizes. Had he so desired he might have made a fortune at the bar and retired with dignity to the bench, whose highest honors he frequently refused.

The widower whose children watch him closely, is as free as a bird compared with the bachelor who lives with an old maid sister.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1906.

United States Senator-elect Flint has publicly declared his intention to support President Roosevelt in his policy towards the trusts and corporations.

The new Senator starts out right and we doubt not will make his declaration good. President Roosevelt proposes a "square deal" all around. He has gone directly to the root of all the trouble in naming the secret rebate as a corporation evil which must be wiped out. Without the secret rebate there would never have been a Standard Oil colossus in this country. Make railroad and transportation rebates impossible and corporate wrong will cease, or become comparatively harmless. Roosevelt's "square deal" is the true doctrine and must prevail.

The contest is over and Hon. Frank P. Flint has been chosen United States Senator for six years to succeed Senator Bard.

The Senatorship was conceded to the Southern section of the State and Flint had a larger following there than his opponents, and very naturally and logically won the prize.

Flint succeeds a good man, one who in the last days of his Senatorial term has won National recognition as a man of ability in his fight to maintain Arizona's autonomy.

Mr. Flint is a leader in his section of the State and of his party, and a man of good ability. He is simply the choice of his party. All the talk about Herrin and the railroad influencing the Legislature in his favor is rot.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD PRODUCTION.

Figures By Mint Director Show Largest Output in Years.

Washington.—The preliminary figures upon the production of gold and silver in the United States in 1904 submitted to the Director of the Mint show larger gains over the preceding year than were expected. Nearly every State of importance in yield has increased its output. California has made the best output for many years, as follows: Gold, \$19,000,000; silver, \$1,380,000.

Among the notable increases in the silver production over 1903 are: California, 400,000 fine ounces, and Idaho, 493,000 ounces. Colorado shows a loss of about 490,000 ounces; Nevada, a loss of about 550,000 ounces and Utah 676,000 ounces.

In the production of gold Alaska shows a gain of about \$386,000; California, \$2,895,500; Colorado, \$3,160,000; Idaho, \$390,000; Montana, \$549,000; Nevada, \$1,572,000; South Dakota, \$143,000, and Utah, \$1,000,000.

Fatal Accident on Elevated.

New York.—One man was killed and half a dozen persons were seriously injured in a rear-end collision in which three trains crashed together on the Ninth-avenue Elevated Railroad structure at Horatio and Greenwich streets. The accident is said to have been due to the failure to flag the third train.

Singer's Illness Fatal.

London.—Belle Cote, the American singer, died here last week.

OLD FAVORITES

Oh! Had We Some Isle.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone.

Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers:

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day:

Where simply to feel that we breathe,
That we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure
As the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,

Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on holy and calm as the night.
—Moore.

Mary of Argyle.

I have heard the mavis singing
His love song to the morn;
I have seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
Than the dew-drop on the rose;
Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made the world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Thy voice may lose its sweetness
And thine eye its brightness, too,
Thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but
Not for that alone;
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the while,
That has made thee mine forever
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.
—Charles Jeffreys.

GUIDE MAY START RUSH.

How to Care for and Manage the Most Fascinating of Domestic Pets.

Marriage license clerks should prepare for the rush, for the chief marriage handicap has been removed. As soon as sufficient time has elapsed for the study of a book just published in London called "Wives and How to Manage Them," they may expect a tidal wave of young men with the license fee and the courage of their convictions.

The author hides his fame under the name of "One Who Knows," but that will not prevent him receiving a monument from the male portion of the English speaking race after he has been lynched by their better halves.

He starts off by drawing attention to the fact that "there are numerous handbooks published which deal with the management of the horse, the dog, the canary, and other domestic animals, and yet there is no good and useful text book upon the 'Choice and Management of the Wife,' who is by far the most important, most expensive and most universal of the domestic pets."

The course of management must begin with the honeymoon, and the great thing the husband has to beware is allowing his wife to think for herself.

If you speak a foreign language and she does not, spend your honeymoon in that country, then you must do the thinking for both. "If you do not your wife may begin to think for you. To allow this is the most fatal error you can possibly commit, it is a habit you may find it difficult to break her of afterwards. Let her talk—that does no manner of harm and comes to most women much more easily than thinking—but, if possible, prevent her from thinking at all; in a wife it is a most pernicious habit, only one degree less terrible than that of reasoning, which is a deadly sin. If once your wife begins to reason about things in general, and contracts the habit, before long she is sure to reason about you. Now you know quite well that you will not bear reasoning about."

One of the few things for which a man may be naturally thankful is woman's changeability. "Some unthinking male creatures have reproached women for this changeability; they do not realize that no sane man would care to eat boiled mutton at every meal, year in and year out."

He strongly advises moderation in the management of a wife by means of violence, and cites a good reason from the police court. "The magistrate asked the wife: 'And you mean to say that that miserable wreck of a man gave you a black eye?' 'Lor, sir, she answered, 'he wasn't a miserable wreck afore he struck me.' The argument is convincing.

One thing you must do in managing a wife is to insist on her doing as you say, and then shutting your eyes, so that you may not see when she does the opposite. So, and only so, can you manage her with happiness for both.

This needs the co-operation of the wife, however, and the power to tell a good, convincing lie.

The final advice is: "Be careful, whatever you do, to keep up your subscription to your club. A man's house is his castle; but a married man's castle is his club."

Here is a sop of consolation: "After all, marriage has its consolations—as long as your wife lives you cannot marry any other woman. You know the worst."—Chicago Tribune.

QUEER STORIES

In the Stonewall mine, San Diego County, Cal., an earthquake so twisted the shaft that the timbers were pulled around to the opposite sides of the shaft from their original position.

PATHFINDER OF SAN JUAN.

Episode in the Life of Otto Mears at Marshall Pass.

Otto Mears of Saguache is known in Colorado as the "Pathfinder of the San Juan" because of stage and toll roads he built through the mountains. One of his stage lines was over Marshall pass. He was constantly cursing his drivers for being slow. The result was that every man was anxious to get him alone in a stage and demonstrate that they could go fast enough to please him.

One morning he waited at the summit of Marshall pass for the stage driven by Henry Burns, a reckless driver, to leave for the foot. He was dressed in a black suit that was molded to him and on his head was a new silk hat and his linen was spotlessly white. He was the only passenger.

"I'll give him the ride of his life," remarked Burns to the station men.

Four of the best horses on the line were hooked up. Mears stepped into the stage with a fresh cigar in his mouth and Burns clattered on the box. He cracked his whip with a volley of curses and the leaders nearly jumped out of the harness. He sent the four down the serpentine road in record time, the stage banging against the side of the mountain, grazing the edges of precipices, whirling around sharp curves on two wheels and bounding over rocks with jars that raised the heavy vehicle three feet and plunged it forward with a bump that started every bolt and nail. The horses were white with lather, but still Burns urged them on.

At the foot of the pass Burns pulled up his foaming and well-nigh spent horses and Mears climbed out. His silk hat was a battered wreck, his clothes were torn in dozen of places and his hands and face were scratched and bleeding, for he had been tossed about in the stage like a pea in a can; but his cigar was still gripped in his teeth. He said nothing, however, until the stage was driven up to continue on its way, when he remarked to Burns:

"Henery, I tink I vill ride on te outside mit you. I vas so lonesome inside I couldn't keep awake."—Chicago Chronicle.

True Riches.

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism.

Speaking of a prominent man in the neighborhood, I asked: "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"Has he a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he hasn't got much land, either, but he's mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained:

"You see, he hasn't got much money, and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing a man a cent in his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he isn't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man, woman and child in town looks up to him, and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants."

Matrimonial "Ad" in Japan.

"I am a very pretty girl. My hair is as wavy as a cloud. My complexion has the brilliancy and softness of a flower. My expression is as mobile as the leaf of the weeping willow. My brown eyes are like two crescents of the moon. I have enough worldly goods to pass happily through life with my husband, hand in hand, gazing at the flowers by day and the moon by night. If this should meet the eye of a man who is intelligent, amiable and of good address, I will be his for life, and repose with him later in a tomb of red marble." There were 340,000 marriages in Japan last year, but for all that such advertisements as the above appear every day in the Japanese papers.—New York Tribune.

A Camel Statue.

Probably the only statue in which a camel figures is that of General Gordon, who perished in the Sudan, mounted on the "ship of the desert," which was the work of the late Onslow Ford. After having been set up in London it was transported to Khartoum, where it marks the spot where "Chinese" Gordon so tragically perished.

Weapons Too Handy.

"Why do you object to your wife taking up golf?" asked Clubberly. "I thought you approved of it."

"So I did," replied Lushley, "until I heard her say the umbrella stand in the vestibule would be a handy place to keep her sticks."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The "Hello Lady."

Society's pet may be first in the whirl of receptions and balls, but she'll have to admit it's the Telephone Girl who receives the most calls. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

QUEER STORIES

In the Stonewall mine, San Diego County, Cal., an earthquake so twisted the shaft that the timbers were pulled around to the opposite sides of the shaft from their original position.

A man was arrested at Baltimore election day because he insisted on telling people that it would take only fifteen million horses, twelve thousand derricks and eight hundred miles of ropes and chains to move the world.

Venezuela is in search of alligator hunters. The Venezuelan waters are full of these reptiles, and good money can be made by killing them, as the skins are valuable and the oil, which can be abstracted, also brings good prices.

Swiss watchmakers have now added a photograph to some of their wonderful watches. A small rubber disc is put in the watch and arranged in such a way that the record is repeated every hour. Anything can be put on the record that the owner wishes.

In captivity elephants always stand up when they sleep, but when in the jungle, in their own land and home, they lie down. The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and in freedom is that the animal never acquires complete confidence in his keepers and always longs for liberty.

The crew of the whaler Lara Hansen saw, according to the Indianapolis News, frozen in a monster iceberg a female polar bear and two cubs, the cubs nestling against the mother. The bear stood out of the water fully 100 feet and the ice wherein the bears were entombed was clear as a crystal. How long the animals had been locked in their winter palace is a matter of conjecture, but they were at least 25 feet above the water.

A trial was recently made in Austria to decide in how short a time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Elsenthal, at 7:35 in the morning, three trees were sawn down; at 9:30 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock. So that in 145 minutes the trees had become newspapers.

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture, according to "Mainly About People." A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hallo, Smith," said he; "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere garden-a-cleanin' hout the hefephants' stables; a nice occupation for one of the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

N-RAYS SHOULD BE PINK.

They Indicate a Good Life, Says Dr. Hooker.

The Lancet publishes a letter from Dr. Hooker on the results of three years' experiments with the Blouditz N-rays emitted by the human body. Dr. Hooker says he has established the fact that these rays differ in color according to the character and temperament of a person, and also that the rays are not merely heat vibrations, as he proved by passing rays from his own hand through the forearm of a corpse to a prepared screen which immediately showed increased luminosity. In reference to the differing colors of the rays, Dr. Hooker says:

"Rays emanating from a very passionate man have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good, throws off pink rays; an ambitious man emits orange rays; a deep thinker throws off deep blue; a lover of art and refined surroundings, yellow; an anxious, depressed person, gray; one who leads a low, debased life, muddy brown rays; a devotional, good meaning person, light blue; progressive minded, light green, and physically or mentally ill person, dark green rays."

Dr. Hooker admits that his statement may be received at first with a smile of incredulity, but he is confident it will sooner or later be accepted as a fact. He further says he has proved that N-rays are not only given off by the human body, but by objects which have been in contact therewith. He obtained this impression from a letter thirty years old, which proved that the rays are radioactive and retain their power on the paper on which writing is made.—London Cable to the New York Sun.

Perfumes as Disinfectants.

It is a well-known fact that workers among lavender beds seldom take infectious ailments and those engaged in the perfumery trade are singularly free from them. A good perfume in the old days was considered an excellent disinfectant. The doctors then used to carry walking sticks with silver or gold knobs. These opened with a lid, disclosing a tiny vinaigrette box, which the physician held to his nose when entering rooms containing patients ill with any infectious disease.

There are two ways of paralyzing your neighbors: one is to get a divorce and the other is to go abroad.

Do you always keep an appointment, or just claim to?

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

IMPORTANT TO
POLICY HOLDERS

Read Carefully, then Cut Out and Paste on the Back of Your Fire Insurance Policy.

At and After a Fire.

Instruct the insured:
To save all he can.
To care for, clean up, dry out and air the saved property.
To keep an account of all expenses incurred in caring for saved property, and charge to the loss.
To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.
That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property.
That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and
That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.
Many small companies have been weakened by the Baltimore fire.
The policies of my companies are conflagration proof.
I represent strong companies only.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Agent.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Asked and Answered.
Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, what does ca-l-f spell?
Tommy—Why—er—er—er—
Teacher—Come, come! What is the name of the animal that furnishes us with veal?
Tommy—The butcher.—Philadelphia Ledger.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave order at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, REAL ESTATE

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LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE, Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

TOWN NEWS

Plant trees.
Get a home.
Buy at home.
Stop the rent tax.
Stick fast to your town.
Night school needed here.
Subscribe for the Enterprise.
Do something to improve the town you live in.

M. S. Griffin of Colma was in town Wednesday.

J. H. Bean has opened a restaurant in the Merriam Block.

Hurley & Quinn are painting the Frank Martin building.

Mrs. Geo. Smith of Lodi paid a visit to friends here on Sunday.

Supt. Stobener of Home of Peace Cemetery was a visitor here Thursday.

There is an unclaimed letter for H. Cavassa at the San Mateo Postoffice.

Mrs. A. Neugebauer of San Francisco paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Senator Healy has begun work on the erection of another cottage on Linden avenue.

Mr. G. L. Perham, the prominent dairyman of Baden, was a visitor here Wednesday.

Tom Ahkman of San Francisco, a property owner of this place, paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Mr. B. B. Keeler will commence work on a residence building on his recently purchased lot at an early date.

Miss Annie McGovern returned Monday after spending a pleasant week with friends and relatives at Halfmoon Bay.

The transformers of the Power and Light Co. have been causing some trouble. In time everything will be running smoothly.

Architect Walsh of San Francisco was in town Tuesday supervising and looking after the work on the Harrington hotel building.

G. P. Hartley of Redwood City, expert for the Grand Jury, was in town Wednesday and inspected the books of the Justice of the Peace for the First Township.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

Otto Berlinger's meat market team ran away with the wagon Monday morning on Commercial avenue and ran against a hydrant, breaking it off and flooding the neighborhood with water.

A big batch of subpoenas for witnesses in the Casey-Eikerenkotter election contest case has been placed in the hands of Constable Carroll. The case comes up on Tuesday, January 17th.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The S. P. Company has made a big cut in the passenger rate between this town and the city. The rate just established is 40 cents for the round trip between this place and San Francisco, a reduction of 30 cents. The old rate was 70 cents.

On Monday evening about 10:30 o'clock some one fired several charges from a shotgun into the front of the Cencio saloon. It is claimed that the shooting was done by a man who came out of and stood in front of the Simi saloon. This is the second time within the past thirty days that trouble has been made by Simi saloon people. This last is a serious matter.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

JUDGE BOOTH'S STORE ROBBERED.

Last Tuesday night burglars broke into Judge Booth's store, broke one of the 4x5 plate glass windows, and took about two dozen watches and other miscellaneous articles which had been left there on exhibition. They left no clew to their identity and the police have nothing to work upon. The glass window was valued at \$10 and the watches at \$2 each.—Leader, San Mateo.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The January water rate must be paid on or before the last day of January. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of February and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.



One Hundred Years Ago.

The jewels purchased at Lisbon for Napoleon's coronation cost nearly a million sterling.

Commodore Preble was at Naples, about to embark for the United States.

Great Britain had 685 ships in commission in the navy.

The American squadron was still blockading Tripoli. They had captured several vessels carrying provisions to that city.

The great inundation of the river Nile began by which 30,000 persons perished.

Turkey agreed to acknowledge Napoleon as emperor, and "Pad's Chach," a title which was customary for the Porte to bestow on the kings of France.

The blacks of Hayti were destroying all forts of the sea coast and fortifying the interior of the island, as they expected any time to be attacked by the French.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Great numbers of French prisoners were detained in the Asiatic provinces of Russia.

The "Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving, was published.

New England States began the custom of celebrating the last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving.

Bushrod Washington, nephew of General Washington, and a judge of the Supreme Court, died at Philadelphia.

The Georgia Legislature rejected the proposition to have biennial instead of annual sessions.

The government of Brazil derived a large income from the importation of slaves by imposing a specific duty per head.

Fifty Years Ago.

The legislature of Jamaica met at Kingston.

Harro Harring, the legal agent of the North American Company, was ordered out of Denmark.

The first regular train run on the Quebec and Richmond Railroad from Port Levis.

Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston reviewed the French army at Paris.

A collision occurred between two Atlantic liners in Boston harbor and one of the vessels was destroyed by fire.

Commander McClure arrived in England, after accomplishing the northwest passage, having entered the polar seas in 1850, and been imprisoned in the ice for three years.

The French and English consuls at St. Domingo were interfering in an unwarrantable manner with the liberty of the press and independent action of the government of Hayti.

Forty Years Ago.

A citizen's draft committee was organized in Chicago for the purpose of securing the enlistment of men for army service.

Hood's Confederate army was defeated at Franklin by the Union division under Schofield.

Court ordered the charges against a Chicago man who had stolen a pig changed from petty to grand larceny, because under war time prices the animal was valued at \$40.

Five persons supposed to be connected with a Confederate plot to burn the city were under arrest in New York. Rewards aggregating \$25,000 were offered by the City Council for conviction of the guilty.

New York capitalists proposed to the Agricultural Department that if properly encouraged they would purchase a tract of land in southern Illinois and produce sugar cheaply from the sugar beet.

Thirty Years Ago.

The Molly Maguires, an outlaw band, were making Schuylkill County, Pa., and vicinity the scene of nightly arson and murder.

An exclusive mail train between Chicago and New York, to make the distance in twenty-four hours, was proposed as a great advance in the service by Superintendent G. S. Bangs of the railway mail.

Final arguments in the famous "safe robbery" case were in progress in Washington, D. C.

The Secretary of the Interior in his annual report recommended that the homestead law be extended to the Indians.

Twenty Years Ago.

Col. David L. Payne, the Oklahoma boomer, died suddenly at Wellington, Kan.

Mme. Patti, in New York, celebrated the silver jubilee of her appearance there as a prima donna.

SUGAR BEETS NEED THE SUN.

The Department of Agriculture Tells of Its Research.

Washington.—That high temperature and sunshine are the dominant factors in producing the best quality of sugar beets is announced as the result of five years' experiments which have just been concluded by the chemistry division of the Department of Agriculture. The data obtained is expected by agricultural officials to save immense amounts to capital by pointing out on what sugar beet industries should be instituted.

The experiments were made in localities ranging from New York to North Carolina and entirely across the continent. The environments the influence of which sugar beets require, the soil, cultivation and the period of artificial fertilization, temperature, hours of sunshine and of cloudiness, elevation and latitude and longitude are pointed out. The results indicate that a high temperature is the greatest of these factors in the producing of beets with sunshine next in importance.

The average temperature of the localities, according to these results, not exceeding 70 degrees Fahrenheit during the three growing months, June, July and August, is most desirable. Above this figure richness of the beets constantly diminishes, and the longer day and consequently longer hours of sunshine makes a location best fitted for high sugared beets.

Rodents Drive Off Guard.

Portland, Or.—Deputy Sheriff George Wise, who has been in charge of the confiscated Portland Club for a month, while the case of the proprietors against Sheriff Word is being decided in the Circuit Court, has been driven from his stronghold by a battalion of rats which attacked him in the darkness and drove him into the street. About a month ago Sheriff Tom Word raided the Portland Club and closed it for running gambling games against the provisions of the State law. An effort was made by the owners to regain possession of the place and armed men were put through the office window one night, but these men made no resistance when their surrender was demanded by the Sheriff. A deputy was left in charge while the case of destruction of property was being heard by the Circuit Court. Owing to the fact that the place, which is an old wooden building, was shut up, the rats became so bold that they swarmed over the deputy's bed and forced him to vacate.

Bill to Protect the Helpless.

Tacoma, Wash.—Police Justices and Judges of divorce courts in this State will recommend to the Legislature the passage of a law providing penalties for husbands who desert their wives and children, wives who abandon their children, or parents who desert their families or through vicious habits cause them to want for necessities of life. A bill embodying these provisions is being prepared by Police Justice Williams of Bellingham. It is shown daily in police and divorce courts of Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle that scores of parents, and particularly husbands, wantonly desert their families, often leaving frail women and helpless children destitute. The proposed law is designed to punish this class of men by fine or imprisonment, or both. Governor Mead will sign the bill when passed.

Slayer of Sister Found Guilty.

Rising Sun, Ind.—James Gillespie, who, with his sister, Mrs. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Barbour, was indicted for the murder of his twin sister, was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. The other defendants are still to be tried. Miss Elizabeth Gillespie was shot and killed while within the parlor of her home preparing to entertain a woman's literary club.

INTERESTING INSTRUCTIVE

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A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Proper Use of English

JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER, Editor

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NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable fat cattle not plentiful and prices have advanced some, while there is a fair supply of commoner grades at steady prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Desirable sheep and lambs not plentiful, meeting ready sales at slightly advanced prices.

HOGS—Not plentiful, in good demand, market strong to higher.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle): delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 8@8½c; 2nd quality, 7½c; Thin Steers, 6@6½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6@6½c; 2nd quality, 4½@5c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 125 to 250 lbs., 5@5½c; over 250 to 350 lbs., 4¾@5c; rough undesirable hogs, 4@4½c; hogs weighing under 125 lbs., 4¾@5c.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 3½@4; No. 1 Ewes, 3@3½c; Lambs, 4¾@4½c per lb., live weight.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs., 4¾@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market strong on good, heavy Steers; other grades Beef firm.—First quality steers, 6½@7c; second quality, 6c; third quality 5@5½c; thin steers, 4@4½c; first quality cows and heifers, 5½@6c; second quality, 5c; third quality, 4@4½c.

VEAL—Large, 6@7c; medium, 7½@8c; small, good, 8@9c.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 6½@7c; light, 7@7½c; Heavy Ewes, 5½@6c; Light Ewes, 6@6½c; Spring Lambs No. 1, 8@9c; fair Lambs, 8@8½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 6@6½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 11½@12½c; picnic hams, 7½c; Boiled Hams, skin on, 17c; skin off, 19c.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 14½c; med. bacon, clear, 10½c; L. med. bacon, clear, 10½c; clear, light bacon, 12½c; clear ex. light bacon, 13c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$11.00; do, h. bbl, \$5.75; Family Beef, bbl, \$10.50; h. bbl, \$5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$10.50; do, h. bbl, \$5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9½c; do, light, 9½c; do, Bellies, 10½c; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; h. bbls., \$9.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, h. bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows:

Compound 6 6¼ 6¼ 6¼ 6¼ 6¼

Cal. pure 9 9¼ 9¼ 9¼ 9¼ 9¼

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.40; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s, 1s,

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Bro. Benjamin's Remedies

ARE THE BEST

Bro. Benjamin's Herbero, - \$1.00

Bro. Benjamin's Oil, - .50

Bro. Benjamin's Cough Cure, .50

Bro. Benjamin's Catarrh Jelly, .50

Bro. Benjamin's Salve, - .25

Bro. Benjamin's Soap, - .25

Bro. Benjamin's Tooth Pow'r, .25

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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PAUL SHUP, D. F. & P. A.,

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TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

Author of "Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

She found it vacant and entered. The bunks were poorly furnished, and would have been pronounced unfit for use by girls reared under different conditions from those which had surrounded Sankala's life, but she was accustomed to the fishermen and their ways, and viewed things as they viewed them.

There was a crude fireplace and some dry driftwood, but the girl knew that the southsiders were in close proximity and would probably be driven ashore and she feared to kindle a fire which would give warning of her presence. She rolled herself in the dingy bed-clothing of the most decent appearing bunk and attempted to go to sleep. She expected to awaken before dawn when she hoped the storm would have subsided and she might find Dan about the island.

How long she had lain there she had not the time to verify, but she was awakened from a half-dozing state by voices from the outside. These rose above the storm which beat upon the frail structure with an appalling noise. As they approached nearer and nearer she knew that she was about to have visitors.

Sankala had often visited the old shack and knew of a little loft in the cook room of the structure where fishermen often stored their nets. Taking two of the old quilts with her she went into the adjoining room and climbed into the loft.

The southsiders began to enter the place from all directions. They had been driven ashore by the storm and naturally took refuge in the camp. They soon had a crackling fire in the fireplace, and began discussing the day's events in loud voices. Sankala was thus enabled to learn what had taken place on their side of the fight. But what she wished to know above all other things was not spoken. The name of Dan Lapham was not mentioned.

The storm continued throughout the entire night. The men talked, sang and swore. Some tried to sleep, while others planned for the following day.

Morning dawned upon the storm at its height. It was nearly midday before it subsided. The sea did not become calm enough for the small fishing boats until late in the afternoon. It was then that the men began to leave the place for another attack upon the traps.

Sankala had heard their plans. They thought they could reach the traps and destroy them before the northsiders could come to their defense. It was then the second afternoon since the war had begun, and the southsiders began their attack. The northsiders were on the alert and seeing the movement of the enemy came like an avalanche to meet them.

Sankala was compelled to remain in concealment, though she could see what was going on through a crack in the dilapidated roof. She saw the men scatter on both sides and realized the plan of attack, and the manner of defense. The southsiders had divided into squads, as they had planned to destroy the traps at one fell swoop, while the northsiders divined their purpose and met them accordingly.

Strain her eyes as she would the girl could not distinguish one from another among her friends. They were so far away that they looked like specks upon the water.

The sun went down upon the contestants with honors divided almost equally. They had practically abandoned their fire arms, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with their oars. There was murder in the hearts of only a few on either side, and but few shots were exchanged. The casualties were light in the afternoon engagement.

As darkness closed in, Sankala was about to come from her hiding place and attempt an escape from the island. But she heard a number of the southsiders returning to the shack, and soon learned from their talk that they had been strongly reinforced, and that others were coming.

The news of the number wounded in the former days' engagement had reached the south shore and the fishermen rose up in their fury, joined by many outside friends, and swore that they would come in sufficient numbers to sweep the river and bay of the northside fishermen and their traps.

Sankala learned that they intended to renew the attack at midnight, at which time their reinforcements would arrive in larger boats, armed to complete the work, and that it was their determination to win at any cost of property or life.

How to give the warning to her friends, was the question. The plotters remained in the shack while runners were sent in different directions to organize the men for the midnight advance.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Traitor at the Helm.

The train pulled into Kalama shortly after dark. It was a special chartered by the state. The sheriff of Pacific county was there to meet it and had been waiting many hours. Matters managed by state are always delayed.

Kalama is on the banks of the Columbia river and also on the line of

railroad that crosses from north to south.

An old fashioned boat was tied up at the decaying and tottering wharf. A dark form sat in the pilot house looking out at the crowd as it emerged from the train. A danger light hung from the port side, and at the approach of the train, dark smoke, intermingled with bright red sparks, shot skyward from the smoke-stack.

"Contemptible tin-soldiers!" muttered the man in the pilot house. "Fine lot of dudes come here to shoot down our fishermen. But they will not shoot them tonight."

Then he turned the pilot wheel back and forth to see that the rudder was in working order. The boat gave a lurch and trembled as if frightened at being disturbed while swinging so quietly to its moorings.

"I will give these assassins a trip for their money tonight," muttered the man at the wheel in meditative tones. "When they find the fishermen they will be so sick of the sea that they will do well to handle themselves let alone a gun."

A company of the state national guard filed off the train at the command of their officer, Captain Budlong. The sheriff of the county led the way to the boat. The soldiers had come under indefinite orders as to time and brought along a sufficient amount of luggage for a siege. Most of the men were clerks in stores, and some of the wealthy men who had joined the guard for a good time and they were poorly drilled. It required more than an hour to get their baggage aboard the boat. The man in the pilot house watched them patiently. He did not care how long they were kept there. He was out for delay and would just as lief have it at one point as another.

The pilot of a Columbia river boat is universally called "captain." He is acquainted with the river as one is acquainted with his own neighborhood. He knows every snag in the river and every point, as is required of a river pilot.

When the soldiers were aboard it was found that it only contained the pilot, engineer and one deck-hand. There was no one to instruct the officers as to the point at which the fishermen were assembled.

"This is strange," remarked the sheriff to Captain Budlong. "I expected a man here to give us the information as we should proceed. We will go aloft and inquire of the captain."

The boat was now pulling at its moorings. The steam was up and the captain was trying the wheel. It was a stern-wheeler and the great, wet thing turned over like a sea monster as the long arms from the engine-room played on the crank at its axis.

The sheriff and military commander ascended the little iron stairway which led to the roof of the boat and approached the pilot house.

"Sorry, gentlemen, but you can't enter," said the pilot.

"But this is the commander of the militia and he wishes to direct the course of the boat when the scene of the trouble is reached," said the sheriff.

"The government regulations prohibit all persons except the captain from riding in the pilot house," said the pilot. "Besides, there is no necessity for it. I know where the fishermen are and will take you to them. They are a harmless, hard-working set of fellows like myself and will give you no trouble. They will disperse as soon as they see us coming."

Why have the owners of the boat which we have chartered through the state sent a southsider as a pilot?" inquired the sheriff.

"Because there is not a man on the north side of the river whom the owners would risk with the boat," was the quick reply.

The secretary of state had wired a big company at Portland to supply the militia with a boat to convey it to the seat of the trouble between the fishermen of the two states and which the northside state chartered for an indefinite time. The steamboat men all lived on the south side of the river, the seaports all being on that side. In sending out a boat under an emergency the company had picked up a pilot who was related to and more or less identified with the southside fishermen.

He knew of the proposed midnight attack of his friends upon the northsiders and did not intend to reach the actual scene of conflict in time for interference on the part of the militia. He had intentionally left the representative of the northside fishermen, who was to have accompanied the expedition as a sort of scout, on the south shore and was prepared to evade a collision with the belligerents until his friends should have the opportunity to do all the damage they desired.

The officers knew that under the government regulations they had no right to enter the pilot house and after instructing the pilot to convey them immediately to the seat of the trouble they retired to the upper deck.

The boat steamed down the river like a thing of life. The water was calm and the craft moved with the current without effort. Only the twisting of the wheel that propelled

the vessel broke the silence of the night.

When once out into the river the pilot gradually turned the nose of the craft in a southwesterly direction. The Columbia widens her channel as she approaches the ocean until she reaches the width of over fifteen miles. It appeared as a wide sea to the officers and soldiers and the flickering lights on the north and south shores looked like so many stars lining the distant horizon.

An hour after midnight had been reached. The officers had ascended to the pilot house and asked impatient questions.

"I cannot be responsible for the delayed train," replied the pilot. "My boat is doing her best and will get you there as soon as possible."

He was now to the south of the eastern point of Sand island. He had discovered the dark outline of the boats of his friends lying in the shadow of the island shore. To the south he saw another line of dark shadows which he knew was the flotilla of reinforcements. He could not account for this except an unforeseen delay which often attends the organization of forces.

One thing he did know, and that was that he would never take the soldiers where they could interfere with his friends so long as he could avoid it.

Suddenly a fishing boat was discovered in front of the vessel. The occupant of the little craft was waving an oar frantically overhead to attract the pilot. He signalled the engineer to reverse the lever and the wheel began to pull back against the current which was taking the boat rapidly toward the ocean.

The officers down stairs rushed upon deck to ascertain the cause of the boat coming to a halt. They soon discovered the figure in the fishing boat and went to the point where the small craft was about to collide with the larger boat.

With an ease brought about by years of experience on the water the figure in the small boat guided the little craft alongside the larger vessel and the two came together without scarcely a jar.

A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the large vessel and the form left the fishing boat and glided up the frail stairway like a shadow.

"Why, it's a woman—a girl!" said Captain Budlong as she stepped on the deck.

"Yes, it is Sankala!" said the sheriff as he recognized the girl.

(To be continued)

The Girth of Man Increasing.

An excellent illustration of the value of records has been afforded lately regarding the question of physical degeneracy. A firm in the north of England has compared the measurements for clothing made two generations ago with those of to-day, the results going to show that chest and hip measurements are now three inches on the average more than they were sixty years ago. The same conclusion is reached by the experience of the ready-made clothiers. These facts, whatever may be their generality, do not quite dispose of the question of degeneracy. They are what we should expect from the more abundant and cheaper food of the people, their better housing and improved sanitary surroundings; but the testimony regarding the unfitness of recruits and progressive lack of stamina in town, and especially manufacturing, populations cannot be disregarded. The girth of man may be increasing, but, like a fattening hog, is not corpulence bringing clumsiness?

Limit of Laziness.

Two darkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelons!"

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-ya-h! Dat would sutenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hund' watermelons would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelons."

"Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me youse powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, are yo' so good-fur-fun in lazy dat yo' cah'n't wish fo' yo' own watermelons?"

How Celluloid Is Made.

Celluloid, the chemical compound which bears so close a resemblance to ivory, is a mixture of collodion and camphor, invented in 1855 by Parkesine, of Birmingham, whose name for a time it bore. The process of manufacture is as follows: Cigarette paper is soaked in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids until it becomes nitro-cellulose. After thorough washing, to free it from the acids, this cellulose is dried, mixed with a certain quantity of camphor, and coloring matter if required, and then passed through a roller mill. It is next formed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure and afterward broken up by toothed rollers and soaked for some hours in alcohol. A further pressure and a hot rolling process finish it, and results in ivory-like sheets half an inch thick.

For Compulsory Athletics.

Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant, speaking before the League for Political Education, at New York, said that the coming New Yorker would be 6 feet 3 inches high and have the chest measurement of a prize fighter. Judging from the increased standard of morality and intellectuality in our universities since athletics became universal and popular, Dr. Grant says that physical training should be an important part of the public school system. He had noticed that 25 per cent of the national guardsmen were too poor physically to pass the doctor.

DANGER IN SHOOTING BIG GAME

Hunter's Bullet May Not Stop the Brute's Advance.

The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino has been always, to me at least, the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or not I could stop the animal if I wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of once in three times.

Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo, and is misnamed the bison all over India. Each of these animals is dangerous on different and individual grounds; the elephant, though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way.

I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your direction. The seladang is dangerous partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual, though not invariable, habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks and charging suddenly, swiftly and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six-foot specimens of oriental cattle.

The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength; but you have the shoulder, in addition to the head shot, if broadside; or, if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach. Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant, and may be reached through the eye if head on, or about three inches below and just in front of or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a shot.—Outing.

ALPINE GUIDES.

The Alpine guide frequently risks his health, strength, even his life for persons who may have been themselves the cause of the peril encountered. The qualities of a first-class guide, says the author of "Adventures on the Roof of the World," include not only skill in climbing, but the ability to form sound conclusions in moments of danger. A certain climber tells an anecdote which bears on the importance of the guide's powers of judgment.

A member of the Alpine Club was ascending a peak in company with an Oberland guide. Part of their course lay over a snow field which sank gradually on one side, sharply ended by a precipice on the other. The two were walking along not far from the edge of this precipice when the Englishman, thinking that an easier path might be made by going still nearer the edge, diverged a little from his companion's track. To his surprise, the guide immediately caught hold of him and pulled him back with more vigor than ceremony, well-nigh throwing him down in the operation. Wrathful, and not disinclined to return the compliment, the Englishman remonstrated. The guide's only answer was to point to a small crack, apparently like scores of other cracks in the neve, which ran for some distance parallel to the edge of the precipice.

The traveler was not satisfied, but he was too wise a man to argue while a desired summit was still some distance above him. On the descent, when the scene of the morning's incident was reached, the guide pointed to the crack, which had grown perceptibly wider.

"This marks," he said, "the place where the true snow field ends. I feel certain that the ice from here to the edge is nothing but an unsupported cornice hanging over the tremendous precipice below. 'It might possibly have borne your weight, though I don't think it would.' Thereupon he struck the neve on the farther side of the ice sharply with his ax. A huge mass immediately broke away, and went roaring down the cliff.

The traveler was full of amazement and admiration, and thought how there, on an easy mountain and in smiling weather, he had been very near to making himself into an avalanche.

Proposed in Proper Form.

Old Friend—So you have at last consented to marry someone. How did it happen?

Miss Flippant—Well, every man that has ever proposed before has said, "Will you be my wife?" But Harold asked if he might have the honor of being my husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Need to Say.

"Is Bangum in town?"
"No."
"Why did he leave?"
"He didn't stop to say, but his accounts are short."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When She Is Wise.

A man may break a woman's heart
When she is young and giddy,
But good for nothing is his art
When she becomes a "widdle."
—Illinois State Journal.

Iron from Magnetic Sands.

A company has been formed to obtain the iron from the magnetic sands of Java.

MRS. CASSIE L. CHADWICK, THE CLEVELAND WOMAN OF MYSTERY.



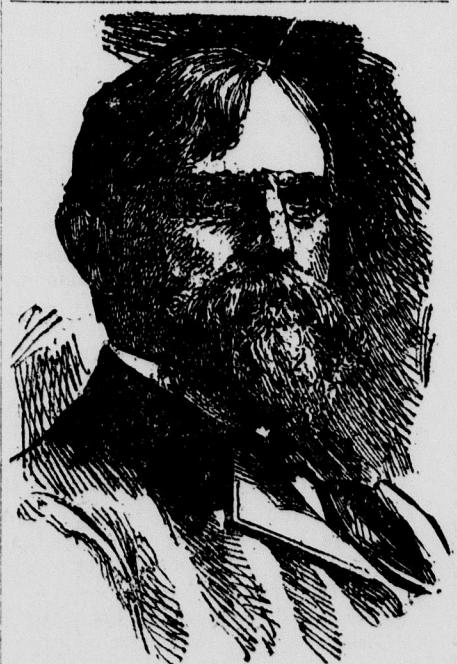
WHO MRS. CHADWICK IS AND WHAT SHE HAS DONE.

Mrs. Chadwick was reared in an unpretentious Canadian home, and her antecedents and early history are surrounded in mystery. Friends declare the mystery of her birth was made known to her comparatively recently. She was married in 1896 to Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, a well-known physician of Cleveland. She has been accused of meager influence over men, but the allegation is repudiated by creditors. She borrowed upward of \$1,000,000 in large amounts from leading bankers, spent a fabulous fortune on house furnishings, jewelry and furs and brought powerful but mysterious friends to her aid in the hour of international notoriety.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

Indianian Famous as an Author, Soldier and Diplomat.

Within a short time General Lew Wallace will be 78 years old. He was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Ind., in 1827. He has been in the thick of political, military and literary life since the Mexican war, which he entered before he had attained his majority and from which he emerged a young lieutenant, covered with honors. Apparently nothing in his whole wonderful career to which he has set his hand has been done other than well. Possibly the least success attained by him was as a lawyer, which career he embraced in his early manhood. After the stirring events of the Civil War, from which he emerged a major gen-



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

eral, he took up for a brief period the practice of the legal profession. He was not wealthy in those days and some career was necessary. But he did not like the law, and gradually, with diplomatic work interspersed, he undertook the work of a litterateur, in which he has made, if comparisons are possible in so well-rounded a life, his most distinguished success.

As the author of Ben-Hur General Wallace is known in practically every country of the globe. No other book since the days of Pilgrims' Progress has been so widely read. An estimate indicates that from the total number of editions of the book that have been sold at least 4,000,000 people have read and enjoyed the hoosier soldier's beautiful tale of the lowly Nazarene. The dramatization of the work, which was completed in 1901, further extended the general knowledge of the story and added largely as well to the fame and profit of the author.

By every right of ancestry General Wallace is entitled to the distinction which he has achieved. He was "to the manner born," his father, David Wallace, having been elected Governor of Indiana in 1837 and to Congress

in 1842 from the Indianapolis district. The father was a man of strong parts and of illustrious ancestry. In his youthful days General Wallace displayed a tendency to neglect the opportunities which his father's position gave him. He hated books and schools, and remained at school only so long as it was impossible to avoid. In this manner he acquired but little real fundamental education.

Previous to the outbreak of the Mexican war General Wallace had undertaken the study of law. When the call for soldiers came he was among the first to enlist. He was not yet 20 years old, but his services were so meritorious that he came back from the war a lieutenant. At the close of the war he married Susan A. Elston, widow of a pioneer of Crawfordsville, and the two have lived happily together ever since. Their tastes are congenial. Mrs. Wallace herself being an author who has achieved much success in several books which she has published. Among the best-known of her writings is "Along the Bosphorus," a story the material for which was accumulated during the time General Wallace was minister to Turkey, to which post he was appointed by General Garfield with the understanding that he avail himself of the opportunity to write another novel of the Orient that should follow the lines of Ben-Hur. The result of this promise was "The Prince of India," a novel which quickly attained popularity and which for a time threatened to out-rival Ben-Hur. Mrs. Wallace has also written "The City of the King," "The Repose of Egypt," a brightly descriptive tale of Egyptian life, with which she familiarized herself during the sojourn of herself and General Wallace in Europe; "The Land of the Pueblos," written when General Wallace was Territorial Governor of New Mexico, and which is given the distinction by critics of containing more romance and local color of New Mexican history than any other book yet published.

The story of the writing of "The Prince of India" is an interesting one. When Garfield was elected President he sent for Wallace, who was a close personal friend, and during the conversation offered to make him minister to Constantinople on the condition that he would write another book during his stay in Turkey. The proffer was accepted by General Wallace. During his voyage to Europe Garfield was assassinated, but Wallace considered his promise to write a book a sacred pledge. "The Prince of India" was the result. It, like "Ben-Hur," is being dramatized.

Abstinence.

Mistress—Katie, do you eat onions?
New Girl (with dignity)—No, mum, not fer breakfast.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A woman can board a train without a ticket, do a little crying and go wherever she pleases.

ITCHING ECZEMA

In July, 1883, I began to break out with eczema on my head, legs and arms, and began treatment with local doctors, but did not get much relief. They said the disease had become chronic. I then quit them and tried various ointments and soaps for another two years, but as soon as cold weather came I was as bad off as ever, so I finally decided to let medicine alone, and for twelve or thirteen years did nothing towards curing the eczema, except bathing. This seemed to do about as much good as anything I had tried.

During the time I lost about one-half of my hair. I began S. S. S. doubtful of a cure, because the disease had run so long, but soon discovered your medicine was doing me good, and continued to take it. I used seven bottles, when I was completely cured, not having a single spot on my body, which before was almost completely covered.

F. C. NORFOLK, rory Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Ia.

The head, feet and hands are usually the parts affected, though the disease appears on other parts of the body. While external applications allay the itching and burning temporarily, it is the acids thrown off by the blood that cause the irritation and eruptions upon the skin. The acids must be neutralized and the system cleansed of all humors and poisons before the cure is permanent. S. S. S. is guaranteed entirely free of Potash, Arsenic and other minerals. Book on the skin and its diseases sent free. Medical advice furnished free.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Ferry's Seeds

are known by what they have grown. For half a century they have been the standard—haven't failed once to produce bigger, better crops than any others. Sold by all dealers. 1905 Seed Annual free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

THE KEELEY CURE

For LIQUOR and DRUG Addiction is the ONLY cure endorsed by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
1720 Market St., Donohue Bldg., San Francisco
SEND FOR PRINTED MATTER

The Niger valley region exports rice, onions, dates, honey and cotton and leather.

African Stomach Bitters. Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

We once knew a man who was so kind that even his wife did not respect him.

The wise seldom give advice. If a friend say drink "Old Gilt Edge Whisky" know it is an exception to the rule. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., sole proprietors, 29-31 Battery St., S. F.

When the wind is blowing your way, gather the straws, for the wind may change.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A fact counts for more than a theory. Some persons theorize all their lives and do nothing.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Western Sahara provides a large share of the world's supply of gum arabic.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Milton sold the copyright interest in Paradise Lost for \$72 in three payments and finished his life in obscurity.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBERTS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A Blow to His Honor.
Little Harold approached his mother and asked, "Mamma, haven't I been a good boy since I began going to Sunday school?"

"Yes, dear, you have," answered the fond mother.

"And you trust me now, don't you, mamma?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Then why do you keep the pies locked up in the pantry just the same as ever?"

—Nuggets.

George H. Williams, Mayor of Portland, Ore., 82 years old, was Attorney General in Gen. Grant's cabinet and United States Senator.

St. Jacobs Oil

The Old Monk Cure

Cornmeal Is Heating.
Corn meal prepared in any one of a half dozen palatable and digestible ways has been demonstrated to be richer in heat units than almost any other food that comes to the ordinary table. In a bulletin issued by the Michigan Agricultural College the fuel value of corn meal scarcely can find space on a page of the pamphlet for its expression in a long black line that has to double back upon itself twice in order to show the 9,000 calories that are in five pounds of the substance.

Eggs, sirloin steak, beef ribs, milk, cheese, and even the vaunted bean take place far back from the side of corn meal in nutritive value when the cost is considered. A table from this demonstration is particularly interesting, based upon the expenditure of 10 cents at the market prices of the commodities. This 10 cents value, with corn meal at the top, is as follows:

	Pounds for Heat 10 cents.	units.
Corn meal	5	9,000
Entire wheat flour	4	7,400
High grade patent flour	4	7,200
Beans	2.5	4,400
Potatoes	10	4,000
Sugar	2	3,800
Salt pork	.71	2,800
Butter	.42	1,000
Milk	3.33	1,200
Cheese	.63	1,200
Round steak	.83	900
Beef ribs	.63	800
Sirloin steak	.56	650

His Miserable Luck.
Bleeker (just returned from abroad) —What became of that charming little Cumminsville blonde you used to rave so much about?
Meeker—Oh, she married one of her fool admirers.
Bleeker—That's too bad; but you always were unlucky with your love affairs.
Meeker—Yes, decidedly so.
Bleeker—Whom did she marry?
Meeker—Me.

A Gaslight Economist.
Anxious Mother—Nellie, dear, do you think that young Huggins, who has been calling on you twice a week for some time, is matrimonially inclined?
Pretty Daughter—Really, I don't know what to think, mamma, dear. He has such a knack of keeping one in the dark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
—Mrs. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.

25c., 50c., \$1.00. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

Too Close Quarters.
Sweet Girl (in photograph gallery)—I wish you wouldn't put that big camera so close to me.
Photographer—Don't you want the picture cabinet size?
Sweet Girl—Yes, but I don't want the freckles cabinet size.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Discovered.
"Huh!" exclaimed Grovells the other evening when he came home, "I see evidence of crooked work around here during my absence."

"Why, John, what do you mean?" asked his astonished better half.

"Oh, you can't deceive me, madam," he retorted. "You have been trying to drive nails."

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Tight, g. Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if FAZOLINEMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

His Busy Day.
Irate Manufacturer—See here! I sent you an advertisement saying my pianos were "inferior to none."

Editor—Yes, sir.

"You printed it 'inferior in tone.'"

"Oh, well, never mind; that's easily fixed."

"Eh? Easily fixed?"

"Certainly. Change the name of your pianos and send me another advertisement. Here's a card showing our rates. Good day, sir."

An Alluring Sound.
"How did you get your father to let you take painting lessons?" asked the first Chicago girl. "I couldn't get mine interested at all."

"Neither could I when I talked of paints," replied the rich pork packer's daughter, "but when I called them 'pigments' he cocked up his ears."

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Reason Enough.
Say, what makes you so cranky, anyway?
"Well, I guess it would make you cranky, too, to have everybody accuse you of being cranky."

It sometimes happens that a father knows almost as much as his son.

For Soreness and Stiffness

From cold, hard labor or exercise, relaxes the stiffness and the soreness disappears.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

St. Jacobs Oil

The Old Monk Cure

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

A HOT scolding never makes a warm heart.
Love never needs to be taught by duty.
A new hat does not make a new heart.
Better a dry sermon than one that evaporates before it can be applied.

There's no such thing as living God's way until you love God's way.
It is hard to catch heavenly fruits when you are carrying earthly frets.
Some try to quench a man's thirst by throwing him into boiling water.
No human character can ripen or sweeten without the sunshine of love.
The height of fashion is usually the badge of the depth of cowardly folly.
The people with the opera cloaks won't have all the front seats in heaven.
Many people who reside in hell get there by resting on the road to Heaven.
God never fails to open you a path, though He may refuse you a philosophy.
The flowers of sweet character bloom where the storms of trial have blown.
The clouds may shut out to-day's sun, but they cannot hide yesterday's promises.
The peace that passes understanding comes from the passion that passes knowledge.
There is a good deal of difference between the sensation of the gospel and the gospel of sensation.
Many a man nails up his windows at some one sin and then lets the devil himself in at the front door.
Many who fear to walk under a ladder have no hesitation in climbing all over the commandments of God.

At Bennington, Vt., on the 14th of August, 1777, John Stark, general of the American forces, won a victory over the British so decided that it determined the war of the revolution in that part of the colonies. By his personal impetuosity, by his confidence in his men, by his daring bravery in action, was the victory won.

At the first sound of the battle, Stark, who had been in the main body of the camp, rushed to the front, crying, "Forward! Now, my men, there are the redcoats. Before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow."

Fortunately for the country, Mollie Stark was not made a widow.

In his commands at West Point, at Saratoga, in Rhode Island, in New Jersey, he was diligently employed in the service of liberty. Among the individuals of the revolution few are more striking than this sturdy independent man, whose uprightness and honesty stand out even in a picture of uprightness and honesty.

As a representative of the faithful mountaineers who came at his call and who never faltered under his guidance and who followed into the cannon's mouth, he will ever be remembered by a country that his battles helped to make. His very eccentricities only have added to his reputation; for Fame loves the strong characteristics that marked John Stark.

Vermont has done well to honor the memory of the man who was as rugged as are her own mountains.

Afraid of the Wet.
The crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England Coast has many times proved itself brave and efficient in time of need, but of late its skill and bravery have been useless, like so much treasure locked in a vault. There has been no wreck. The sea has been kind as a big dog.

Inaction had inevitably bred soft habits of life, and the idle crew had given the summer visitors much to joke about. Their satirical comments were rather ungrateful, for the practice drills of the crew were a part of the entertainment of the seaside resort.

Twice a week the crew pulled out the brass cannon, shot a rope over a dummy mast which is set up on a point of land, and then practiced sliding down in the breeches buoy. The small boys of the place were glad to play the part of rescued mariners, and altogether this serious drill, required by law, was a pretty holiday sport.

One rainy day at the appointed time the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the hotel veranda waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally, one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason.

"I say, aren't you going to practice to-day?"

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

Then the brave life saver, hero of many rough seas, made an explanatory gesture toward the weather and said:

"What, in this rain?"

Gauge to Measure Fog.
A correspondent of the Monthly Weather Review living in San Diego, Cal., makes a suggestion that an instrument consisting of a wire framework be contrived, which shall collect fog particles, conduct the drops into a rain-gauge, and thus make the measurement of fog possible. The object of this measurement would be to show that in such a region as southern California, where the rainfall is small and where there is a good deal of fog, the fog deposit is a considerable one, and is of noteworthy importance to vegetation.

In his comments on this suggestion, Prof. Abbe rightly points out that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to argue from the catch of a fog screen to the catch of an orchard of trees; that the "fog depositor" would give no positive information as to how much the leaves and stems of plants collect, or how much of the water falls to the ground in such a way that the roots of the plants may utilize it, and that the chief benefit which delicate plants on the California coast obtain from the fog is probably in the protection which the fogs afford against the heat of the sun.

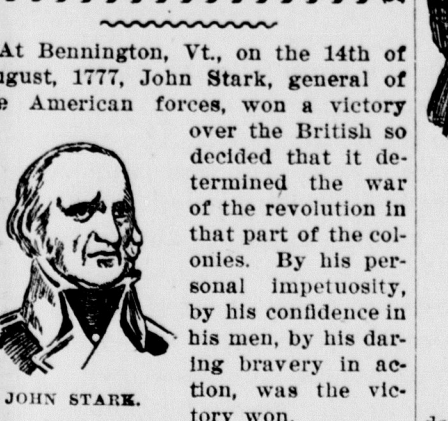
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Could Figure It Out.
"How long have you been out of work, my good man?" asked the head of the household, as he parleyed with the rusty-looking caller.

"I was born in '68, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism



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The Main Point.



"How can you want to marry my daughter if you have never met her and know nothing about her?"

"But I know all about you, sir."—Chicago Chronicle.

Clerical Jolt.
She was wealthy and consequently a target for much flattery.

"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"

"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

One of the Injured.
"Glad to see you again, after your long trip. No accident, was there?"

"Accident? I should say there was! I gave the porter a \$10 gold piece, thinking it was a quarter."—Chicago Tribune.

The Symptoms.
Fred—I've just written a poem.
Joe—Indeed! What's the matter with you?

Fred—The matter with me?
Joe—Yes; is it love or indigestion?

That's What.
Stella—I would rather wed a man of brains than one of muscle.

Mollie—Because why?
Stella—Because while a man of muscle could chop up a beefsteak, a man of brains could figure out where the beefsteak was to come from.

Wouldn't Stand for It.
Mulford—Did you ever make an after-dinner speech?

Winding—No. I was going to once, but for some reason the dinner was indefinitely postponed.

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One of the Injured.
"Glad to see you again, after your long trip. No accident, was there?"

"Accident? I should say there was! I gave the porter a \$10 gold piece, thinking it was a quarter."—Chicago Tribune.

Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Positive, Comparative, Superlative

"I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years and now want a new one, also one for a friend. I would not be without one for twice the cost. They are just as far ahead of a common coat as a common one is ahead of nothing."

(NAME ON APPLICATION)

Be sure you don't get one of the common kind—this is the mark of excellence.

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TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Makers of Wet Weather Clothing and Hats

That's What.
Stella—I would rather wed a man of brains than one of muscle.
Mollie—Because why?
Stella—Because while a man of muscle could chop up a beefsteak, a man of brains could figure out where the beefsteak was to come from.

Wouldn't Stand for It.
Mulford—Did you ever make an after-dinner speech?
Winding—No. I was going to once, but for some reason the dinner was indefinitely postponed.

Good Drops

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed—
Aloë—
Rhubarb—
Sage—
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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